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DAWN.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Behold to the east how Aurora blushes!
Hear the welcome to her from mellow-voiced thrushes!
See night catch her skirts and starry away,
From the streamers of light that herald the day.

And the fairies that frolicked in mad, merry glee,
How they scamper in haste when the dawnlight they see;
The solemn-eyed owl who stared all the night,
Now marvels to see them so fearful of light.

The sky becomes argent—the world grows astir,
Aurora speeds onward, the day after her;
Sleep stealeth away on swift, sudden wing,
And birds in the tree-tops their glad matins sing.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHRISTABEL DEVEREUX'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

ON THE FOLLOWING day another gleam of hope came to me, in the form of a little scrap of paper that Joel Blake slipped into my hand, together with a half-blown chrysanthemum. I hid the paper in my glove while I appeared to be fastening the flower in my jacket.

Joel had always given me some little token of good-will when I came to take my walks, so that, even if we were watched from within, suspicion would hardly be attracted.

I did not hurry in from my airing; I was very cautious and discreet. I returned slowly to the house, as if reluctant to leave the garden, when a message from Mrs. Basset reached me; and, from my languid listless movements, no one could have guessed the impatient fever in my heart.

When at last I was really alone and safe from prying eyes, I tore open the little missive, and read, in Vere's own familiar hand—

"My darling—Do not think me faithless or indifferent because I am so slow. Things are difficult to manage, and our enemies clever and unscrupulous. But keep up heart. Release you I will, and that before very long. If you get this, you will know at least that I am working for you, that there are not and never shall be deserted, so long as I have a head and hands to use in your service. All you have heard is a villainous fabrication, just to gain time. I am, and have been always, yours and yours alone. "V. M."

I read this note many times and, when I knew it by heart, consigned it to the flames. I would not run any risks in this household of foes and spies.

Days passed slowly and wearily by. I saw scarcely anything of my guardian or his mother. Carter hardly addressed a single word to me, and her hard face grew harder and more menacing every day.

My meals were scantier in quantity and poorer in quality than they had been at first. Sometimes I could hardly touch the ill-dressed viands, despite my craving hunger, but any complaints or requests from my lips were always received in disdainful silence.

I was neglected too in other ways: fuel was often denied me, or given in such small quantities that I could never keep up a tolerable fire. Candles were often not brought till many hours after darkness had set in, sometimes not at all, and everything was done to make my life a miserable burden.

Under such treatment and such privation I had lost hope, until I was aroused once more by another note from Vere, transmitted as before by the kindly Joel. The message this time was—

"Bear up a little longer. I am coming on Wednesday night to set you free. Be ready. Joel will help me. We shall bring ladders and tools. Send word if possible that you will be ready."

I gave to Joel an answering missive—

"I shall be ready. Save me if you can, for I cannot bear this life much longer. The house seems to be quiet by eleven o'clock; but do not come before midnight.

"CHRISTABEL."

After I had dispatched my note a horrid misgiving seized me. Suppose I had been seen delivering it! Suppose the plot were discovered! Suppose Vere came, only to find Marcus Basset awaiting him! It was a horrid thought, yet one that I could not shake off; and some sinister words dropped by Carter did not tend to soothe my fears.

"You do look a poor white-faced creature," she said. "Anybody would think you were in a galloping consumption to look at you. Well, well, it's an ill wind as blows nobody any good."

She looked sharply at me, as if to challenge a reply; but I made it a point of never speaking to her if I could possibly help it.

"If you die unmarried and a minor," she continued, in the same grimly significant way, "the master will have all your money. Dear me, to think what odd wills some fathers do make! It's like putting temptation in a man's way. However, as master is going to marry you soon, it will all come much to the same thing. He went up to town the other day about the license."

I made no reply, only cowering down a little lower over the scanty fire. I had reached the stage of dull despair, when nothing seemed much more terrible than my own surmisings.

Tuesday came, the day before Vere's promised attempt at rescue; but I received no further message of any kind. Joel Blake looked vacantly at me as I passed him in my morning walk. He did not speak to me, or I to him.

Mrs. Basset visited me, talked as if my marriage with her son were a settled thing, and asked me if I had any choice as to the day. I did not answer her, but maintained an unbroken silence throughout the interview. She left me at last, with the ominous prediction that her son would find some way of breaking down my obstinacy.

Late in the afternoon I received a visit from my guardian, whom I had not seen for some days. I noticed at once that he was almost as much changed as I was myself. His face looked pinched and pallid. He was gaunter and thinner than I had ever seen him, and the wolfish gleam in his eyes was more conspicuous. His hands trembled too, despite his great physical strength, and this drew my attention to them, when I observed that they were soiled and begrimed as with gravel and clay. His dress too, contrary to his usual custom, was in some disorder and his heavy boots and leather gaiters were clogged with yellowish soil. I could not understand why he had chosen to visit me in this untidy condition, nor could I interpret the ominous look on his face. He sat down by the fire and remained silent for some minutes, in a strange crouching attitude, his head and his hands pressed closely together. Then he looked up to me and asked abruptly—

"Have you been out to day?"

"Yes," I replied.

"You need more air and exercise. You are losing your good looks. Put on your jacket and come out with me now for a turn."

"I would rather not. It is cold and wet, and nearly dark."

"Do as I bid you at once," he said.

I complied then, for there was a subdued fierceness in his whole aspect which made me shrink from opposing him.

We reached the garden by means of a side door and a short flight of steps, and here we walked side by side in silence. The air was damp with a mist that was almost like rain; large drops fell from the eaves and our feet sank into the soft earth at every step.

The mouldy smell of rotting autumn leaves, the noisome vapors that rose from the neighboring marsh, the deathly stillness, broken only by the harsh cry of a passing sea-bird or the sullen booming of the distant sea, the weird forms assumed in the twilight by the stunted trees all pointing in one direction, as if with black and ghostly fingers—all impressed me with so strong a sense of helplessness and misery that I shivered and trembled until my stumbling feet would scarcely carry me down the sodden pathways behind the dark figure of the man I followed submissively, although I knew him to be my deadliest enemy.

Onward we paced together down those dreary garden-walks and in the darkest spot of all we paused. It was a corner formed by the house-wall and a few feet of garden-wall and was thickly planted with laurels, and overshadowed by a weeping willow.

As my eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom I saw that a man was kneeling on the ground, with a spade in his hand. My feet almost tripped over a pickaxe which lay beside him; and seeing that Marcus Basset was gazing downwards with an air of stern absorption, I also looked down to see what it was.

I cried out and stepped back in terror, for before me was an open grave!

"Turn the lantern round," said my guardian to the assistant grave-digger. "Let her look in. See, Christabel—do you know what this is?"

He clutched my arm and drew me forward. I was powerless to resist—nay, the very fascination of horror riveted my gaze.

A grave it was, but not yet finished. The stains upon Marcus Basset's hands and clothes had evidently come from the soil in which he had been digging. He had been helping to make this grave, but who had been his accomplice? The light of the dim lantern fell upon the vacant face of Joel Blake. I almost shrieked and a horrid fear assailed me. Was this man an enemy too? But the fear and repugnance in his wide-open eyes seemed to indicate submission rather than complicity. In all probability he knew very little of the significance of his task. But Marcus Basset knew, and I heard his demoniacal laugh as he repeated his question—

"Do you know what that is, Christabel?"

"Yes," I answered, in a voice I should not have recognised as my own, "it is a grave—my grave!"

I remember nothing more until I opened my eyes and found myself in my own room. I lay on the sofa, which had been drawn up near to a now blazing fire, and someone was holding wine to my lips.

"She is better," said my guardian's voice. "You can go now."

A mist was still before my eyes; I did not see whether it was Carter or Mrs. Basset who left the room at this injunction, but I knew very well that my guardian and I were alone together.

"Are you ready to listen to me?" he asked.

I bowed my head.

"I have been patient with you," he continued; "but this cannot go on for ever. We must come to some understanding. You know my power over you; it is for you to say if you will force me to use it."

"You mean to kill me," I said, speaking as if stating the fact rather than asking a question.

"No," he answered, his eyes dwelling on me with sinister meaning; "I do not wish to kill you!"

"Whom then!" I would have asked, but the evil light in his eyes rendered me speechless.

He answered however as if he had heard my question.

"Your lover! I shall kill him! We have been digging his grave."

I shivered; the room swam before me; yet I clutched at one saving thought as a drowning man clutches at a straw. Might not this bravado merely to terrify me into submission?

"You would hardly care, I think, to run the risk of the gallows," I said.

He sneered in his cool contemptuous fashion.

"I am quite able to take care of myself, thank you, Christabel. The testimony of an idiot, and an almost speechless idiot, would hardly satisfy a jury; and a man's wife, as you are perhaps aware, cannot give evidence against him."

"I am not your wife and never will be," I declared.

"Indeed! That remains to be proved. At least I can take good care your mouth shall be stopped. I often think your sanity is very doubtful. It would be easy to put you quietly away in a mad-house. You would very soon go mad then. Or, if you provoke me too far, I could kill you too!"

He bent over me suddenly as he spoke these words and almost hissed them in my ear. I sank back and covered my face with my hands.

"Let me see," he said consulting a memorandum in his pocket-book, "Mannesty will be here to-morrow night between eleven and twelve. Very well, we shall be ready for him, Joel and I; or perhaps we will keep Joel out of the way altogether. He has a capricious liking, it seems, for Mannesty. I might manage better alone. I am a stronger man than your lover, and I shall be armed. I shall soon square accounts with him. Would you like to see him first?"

At that question I think I lost my reason. I do not know quite what I said or did; but I sprang to my feet and poured out a torrent of bitter words—curses perhaps—from the sound of which I saw him sometimes flinch and quail. At last he seized my hands and told me harshly, imperiously, to listen to him.

"You may save him yet," he cried. "Give me your solemn promise to marry me, and I will not hurt a hair of his head. Be my wife and Vere Mannesty shall live!"

"Your wife!" I echoed, recoiling in horror, "I will die first!"

"No, you will not," he answered, with great deliberation. "You will not die; but Mannesty will and you will then marry me, as I have always told you. But swear to be my wife and your former lover shall be safe. That is the alternative I offer you; it is for you to say whether he shall live or die. I will go out and do a little more digging. In half an hour I will come back to hear if Vere Mannesty is to lie in that grave or not."

He smiled, made a sign of farewell with one of his clay-stained hands and left me with those terrible words ringing in my ears.

I paced my room in a frenzy. I was half mad, I believe, for I could not think or reason, or even realise the hideous choice laid before me. I only knew that my lover's life was in deadly peril and that unless I could warn him he would come to-morrow to almost certain death.

The other alternative was too hideous to contemplate. I might have to face it at some time, but I could not now; it was all like a frightful dream.

I wandered feverishly about my rooms and the narrow corridor beyond. This last was very dark and in my present mood darkness was preferable to light. A single gleam fell through the grated aperture which I have already mentioned.

I was standing facing it for a moment when I became aware of a peculiar noise just outside and suddenly saw a hand clinging to one of the bars.

I heard a familiar voice, and then I caught a glimpse of Joel's white locks as he raised himself high enough to peer through the grating. He was evidently in a state of excitement that gave him greater command of speech than usual.

"Hist—missy!" he whispered. "Bad master been digging young master's grave. Young master mustn't come here to be killed. Tell Joel what to do. Joel sorry—sorry—loves young master."

There was no treachery in this simple creature's mind. If he had betrayed us it was inadvertently. I dared not trust any more paper to him; but perhaps a message might be sent.

"Joel," I said, "go to the young master now—at once—and say to him, 'You must not come to-morrow night.' Can you remember—'You must not come to-morrow night'? Say it after me."

He evidently understood, and was pleased with the purport of the message. He nodded with satisfaction.

"She says—'Must not come to-morrow night—must not come.' She says so—she——"

"That is right, Joel—do not forget. Can you go now—to-night—and tell him?"

"Yes, yes; Joel go now, quick. Work done. Joel go straight off."

He loosed his clasp, and was gone before I could say another word; but I felt certain he understood, and would deliver my message if he could. I felt as if a heavy weight had been partly lifted from my heart.

I began to breathe freely again. I got a chair and a stool, and clambered up to look out of the aperture; but Joel had already disappeared. To my horror however I beheld below me, not very far away, the open grave I had visited only an hour since.

Was he going to bury my love under my very window? What a hideous mind this man must have—and he wished to call me wife!

I descended; but hardly had I done so before I heard a sound that sent a thrill of horror through me. It was the sound of a pick-axe.

I clambered up again—I could not help it—and looked out. Marcus Basset was standing in the grave, hollowing it out with slow determination. Occasionally he dug out a handful of clay with his fingers, seeming to gloat over his task.

I could see the demoniacal malice in his face, as now and then the rays of the gleaming lantern fell upon it. He smiled once, as if pleased with his handiwork.

I slipped down to the ground, pulled away the chair and stool, and rushing back to my room, fell upon the floor in a half-fainting state, conscious only of my overmastering horror and fear.

* * * * * * *

Marcus Basset did not come back for his answer that night. Perhaps he knew I should not be in a condition to give it.

I was a prey to a thousand miserable doubts and haunting fears. No sleep visited my eyes and I arose next morning in a state of fever that might have alarmed me had I had any thought to spare for myself; but my one aim and object was to get speech with Joel Blake before my guardian came for his answer.

My prison doors were however closely barred. When I asked to go out for my airing I was harshly forbidden. I was locked up in my isolated corridor, and left in solitary confinement, with my suspense and terror for my only companions.

As the hours rolled by I felt that I should go mad unless I found out whether Vere had been warned or not.

Where was Joel? In the garden below? I listened intently, but could hear no sound of spade or of the heavy tread I had learned to know well by this time. Had I heard the slightest sound I should have knocked out a pane of the opaque glass with the poker, and have called out to him, heedless of consequences; but my perceptions had grown morbidly acute of late, and I felt absolutely certain that he was not there. What could I do?

Suddenly I thought of the grating in the corridor that had been of such service the night previous. Was it possible that it might be of use to me again?

I took the chair and the stool and looked out as I had done before. Yes, there was the open grave just below, and crouched up beside it was the figure of Joel Blake.

I looked all round and listened intently. All was perfectly still. Then I called cautiously—

"Joel—Joel!"

The man started to his feet and looked up. When he saw me his face beamed, but he did not speak. He was evidently in terror of being heard or seen. His vehement signs of assent however convinced me that my warning had been conveyed to Vere.

I dared not stay at the grating. Carter might at any moment steal unawares upon me, or my guardian himself, and I knew that, if they once discovered the use I made of this aperture, it would be closed against me ever after.

It was growing dusk when Marcus Basset came to see me again. I could see his eyes shining in the gloom like those of a tiger.

Merciless and terrible as he had looked on the previous day, his appearance this evening was yet more appalling. I began to think that he must be mad.

"You have decided?" he asked, turning his glowing eyes upon me.

"Yes."

"You do not doom Vere Mannesty to death?"

"No, no, no," I cried hastily—"oh, no—no!"

Then a gleam of triumph shone in his eyes, and he sprang towards me, with a half-stifled cry.

"Then you will be my wife—my wife! Did I not say so?"

But I evaded him and cowered back against the wall.

"Your wife? Never—never, while there is One above us to succor the oppressed!"

His arms dropped nervelessly and he stared at me in fierce astonishment.

"Do you really mean that?" he asked slowly.

"I do—I do!"

"Then you choose that your lover shall die?"

I made no response.

"Perhaps it is better so," he said, with a significant smile. "When he is once lying in that grave outside, you will grow more reconciled to your fate. Your lover dead and all hope of rescue at an end, you will submit with resignation to your inevitable fate."

I pressed my hands to my throbbing temples and said nothing. I was getting beyond the power of thought, but I believed Vere to be safe from him.

"Vere Mannesty will be here to-night," continued my guardian, in his slow deliberate way. "Very good; I shall be ready for him. Joel Blake is safely locked up in his loft, well drugged, and the key is here in my pocket. I have a jacket and an old cap of his which will be a sufficient disguise upon a cloudy night. Mannesty will think it is his accomplice waiting for him in the shadow of the wall, and will not be upon his guard. He will fall an easy prey—and his blood will be upon your head!"

As he said these words he turned upon his heel and left me. I think he expected me to call him back, but I did not. My tongue was parched and dry, my limbs seemed paralyzed; I could neither speak nor move.

How the next hours passed I know not. I think I must have lost consciousness for a part of the time. By-and-by I became aware of Carter's presence in the room. She was urging me to leave the sofa and go to bed; but I felt absolutely incapable of movement.

"I shall stay here," I said, in answer to her suggestions. "Cover me up and leave me. I do not intend to move."

The maid shrugged her shoulders as she did my bidding.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Nearly eleven. I should have been here earlier, only I had an errand in the village for the mistress, which detained me. I saw young Mr. Mannesty in the lane near the house as I came back. He gave me two sovereigns to take a message to you. I took his money, of course,"—here she held up the two shining coins—"and I gave the message to master. I thought it was more fit for him to hear than for you."

I sprang suddenly to my feet; my strength returned to me in a moment. I think I took the woman by the throat and shook her.

"Carter," I cried, "you must and you shall tell me what he said!"

"Not I, my lady," answered the woman, taking my hands in hers and pushing me roughly down to my former position. "No one makes an enemy of me for nothing. You should have thought of that before. Besides, if I were to tell you his message, you could do nothing. You are a prisoner; master is on the watch; and, on the whole, I think that you will find that ignorance is bliss."

Then I cast myself upon my knees at Carter's feet, and pleaded as if for my very life.

"Carter," I cried, "you must, you shall have pity on me! You must do this one thing. Ah, have you a heart? Then hear me this once, and I will be your friend always. Carter, listen—I am rich—I believe I am very rich—I will sign you a paper now, this very moment, for five hundred—for a thousand—for five thousand pounds, if you will only do this one thing. Go and warn Vere Mannesty not to come near this house to-night, bid him begone at once, and bring me a scrap of his handwriting to say that he will not come, together with the signet-ring upon his finger. Carter, do this, and you shall be rich for life, and I will bless you to the day of my death. Refuse me, and an orphan's curse will rest upon you."

I clasped her knees and raised my face to hers, agonised with the passion of my prayer; but she spurned me from her with rough and savage contempt.

"You little fool, don't you know me better than that? Why, I love vengeance better even than gold, and I have longed to see you humbled! Besides, you surely will be married to master next week, or else shut up in a mad-house, and what use would your promise be then, when master will have the handling of your money? It's likely he would reward me for betraying him, isn't it? Bah!" And with a cruel cowardly push, Carter threw me from her and disappeared before I could speak another word.

I heard her lock and bar the door of the corridor on the outside, as she did each night when leaving me for the last time. During the day she only fastened the bolt; and I knew by this double locking that I should not be invaded again that night. I should be alone up here, while just below only a few yards away, my love would be murdered and buried almost before my eyes.

Things had now come to such a pass that I seemed to have entered upon a new phase of existence in which all thought and sensibility were actually dead.

What occurred during the hour that followed, I saw and heard as in a dream, not with the active misery and terror of a living sentient being.

Twelve o'clock had struck. The house was utterly still. I took up my post at the grated aperture, holding tightly by the bars to secure myself in my somewhat precarious position.

I knew that from the vantage-ground thus secured I should see and hear something of what was to pass that night.

I was not the only watcher. From time to time I saw through the semi-darkness a figure pacing stealthily up and down the dark paths, or lingering in the shadow of the wall. It was clad in Joel's garments, but by the gait and proportions I knew it to be Marcus Basset.

Once, twice, I tried to call his name, to tell him that I would save Vere at any cost; but not a sound could I utter. I had lost all power of speech.

The night was fine and clear. The moon, veiled a good deal by passing clouds, gave nevertheless a sufficiency of light, and a passing gleam shone out at times upon the damp garden pathways and dripping branches.

The wind and the sea moaned faintly and monotonously. No other sound disturbed the silence.

Half-past twelve. Marcus Basset once more rounded the angle of the house, and stood looking down into that black yawning grave.

What was that I heard? Surely the sound of a cautious footstep. Who was approaching at this hour of the night? Who else but Vere, coming in his faithful resolute love to set me free from my prison?

Marcus Basset too heard that footstep, for he raised his head to listen, and then crept silently round the angle of the house out of my sight; and I knew that he was going to kill Vere.

I could not move; I could not cry out. I could only listen with all the concentrated power of my faculties. Yes, there was the sound I expected—the sound as of a deadly conflict—blows, groans, and one sharp awful cry. Then came the thud as of a heavy fall, and an awful silence followed.

After what seemed to be a long interval I heard another sound. It was as if some heavy weight were being dragged along the ground. The very hair upon my head seemed to stand erect, my flesh crept, but still I stood there listening, watching.

Marcus Basset came round the angle of the house, dragging some load behind him. He had to exert all his strength over his task, but he progressed slowly and steadily. A gleam of moonlight shone out and revealed to me the nature of his burden. It was the body of a man wrapped in a long black cloak.

I could not see the face of the corpse, but I knew the cloak so well. How often had Winifred teased Vere about that "hideous garment," as she had called it and tried in vain to get him to discard it in favor of an ulster!

He always declared that he and his cloak should never part—they were such old friends—and Winifred had ended by supposing that he would be married in it. She little knew then that it was to be his shroud—that he was to be buried in it—and that I was to look on that awful burial.

The murderer paused beside the grave, and wiped the moisture from his brow. Then he lifted that heavy burden in his arms, and, lowering it into the black yawning chasm, immediately, with frantic haste began to shovel the earth upon it.

I saw it all done—I saw him treading down the last of the gravel and clay, and trying to obliterate the traces of the work by heaping dead leaves together and strewing them over the spot; and then I knew nothing more, for I fell heavily from my elevated position in a dead faint.

When I regained consciousness I was on my couch, and it was daylight. Mrs. Basset was with me, her face clouded with anxiety and, as I fancied, fear. She spoke to me, but I did not answer. I seemed to have lost the wish, almost the power to speak.

I was not mad, I told myself, or even ill; but I was possessed by one overmastering desire. I must get out somehow, and give myself up to justice as Vere's murderer. I had killed him—his love for me had led him to his death, and when I might have saved him I would not. Let him kill me, and bury me in the same grave—the grave I had thought would be mine.

Towards evening I became aware of some unusual confusion in the house. My boxes were packed, and servants I had not seen before passed in and out, looking at me with curious eyes. Mrs. Basset kept guard over me however until a moment came when she was called away, and left me, as she supposed, sleeping.

I was not asleep however and I started up, determined if possible to find my way out and give myself up to justice.

As fast as my trembling limbs would carry me I hastened down the corridor, the double doors of which stood open now, and hurried into the unknown darkness beyond.

Suddenly I stopped, with the most awful feeling of terror that I think I ever experienced; for my eyes fell upon a pale shadowy figure in a dim corner—a figure from the spirit-world, ghastly and spectral, with the face of one whom I had known and loved.

It was the same face, though sadly changed—white and hollow and corpse-like—the face of Vere Mannesty, who was lying in his unhallowed grave beside the wall of the house. And while I stood there, as though from frozen horror, a voice reached me, low and faint—

"Courage, my love! To-night we shall be together!"

Then I shrieked aloud, I hid my face in my hands, and rushed back to the room I had quitted. I felt that I could bear no more of mystery and horror.

What was the meaning of this awful message from the dead? Were they going to murder me to-night? I almost hoped they were.

Marcus Basset and his mother presently entered the room, and she began to wrap me in thick shawls and furs, as if for a journey. I was perfectly passive in her hands.

At last she touched my cheeks with her cold lips.

"Good-bye, my dear!" she said. "We shall soon be more closely related to one another. Take care of her, Marcus; and let me have a telegram to say when you are safely married. When you bring her home again I trust she will be looking stronger and better. Well, I must not detain you. The carriage has been waiting some time. You must be off now."

My guardian came and took me in his arms, lifting me as easily as if I had been a child.

I was absolutely incapable of resistance. I could only close my eyes and try to believe that the hands that had killed my lover would kill me too. Had not Vere said we should be together to-night?

When I came to myself I was lying back in a carriage that was being rapidly driven along a dark and lonely road. Carter was opposite to me, my guardian sitting beside me, holding my hand.

"At last—at last!" he cried with exultant triumph. "You are mine at last, Christabel—mine for ever! I have lost my soul for love of you, and you have lost all that made your life! What can we do but cling to each other? The struggle is over, and you are mine!"

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. BASSET'S JOURNAL

November 7th.—At last Marcus has found what he has been hunting after so long. The certificates, properly authenticated and attested, are in my hands, and by a single tiny stroke of the pen upon each I have transformed them into damning evidence against the present Vere Mannesty—such evidence at least will serve our purpose for a time.

It will puzzle and silence the Lovelaces for a while, and it is only the gaining of a short time that will be necessary. I shall not bungle, when once the game is in my hands. Let me but obtain possession of this girl for a fortnight, and I will undertake to reduce her to abject submission.

For the first time in my life I am tempted to regret the episode of poor Eliza, which raised such a feeling against us in the neighborhood. But for that we might have demanded the care of this girl without the least hesitation, and nobody would have given the matter a second thought. But as it is, with her visible abhorrence of us, and upon the very eve of her marriage, we could not well have carried her off without causing deep distrust and suspicion.

The Mannesys are not people to be trifled with and we have no wish to excite the notice of the neighborhood, or draw down upon ourselves a possible re-opening of past unpleasant incidents.

Therefore it was necessary throughout to act in this matter with great caution, and only to raise an objection to the marriage when we had in our hands evidence that would overthrow all the preconceived ideas as to the character of the bridegroom elect.

I remembered the long-forgotten story, told me by my parents, of the supposed low marriage made by the so-called bachelor, Vere Mannesty—the great-uncle of the present bearer of the name.

I knew almost nothing of the circumstances, but had a vague impression that Cumberland was said to be the county where the marriage had taken place and where the unknown wife had lived.

Marcus had been searching the registers of all the parish churches for weeks, and at last—only just in time—the documents are in my hands—the marriage-certificate, and those of the birth of two children. The dates are 1817, 1818 and 1819.

By a single stroke of the pen, which I defy any one to detect, I have made the dates read thus—1877, 1878, 1879, and anybody is welcome to look at and examine these certificates.

Those who understand such matters—as Trevor Lovelace, for instance—will at once recognise the genuineness of the documents, and I doubt if it will occur to any one, unless perhaps to the young man himself, to go and consult the originals, at any rate not immediately. Other people will believe the attested copies, and, unless I mistake the man, Vere will not leave the neighborhood of this house to go to Cumberland.

Christabel's safety will stand before everything else, even the vindication of his good name. For a few days we can maintain the dignified position we shall take up, and before the plot has been unravelled the quarry will be beyond the reach of pursuit.

November 10th.—All is going well. Vere Mannesty, from whom we have most to fear, has gone up to London for a few days. Marcus dined to-night with the Lovelaces, and to-morrow he goes to claim Christabel. I do not think he will bungle or blunder. He is very cool and calm, despite his fierce and passionate love for this girl, which I confess I cannot understand.

He is to bring her here, nominally for a week or two merely, just till the young man gets out of reach. In ten days, or at most a fortnight, I think we shall have managed matters to our liking. Carter will be invaluable. She hates that girl with a peculiar intensity.

November 11th.—The girl is here, and all has gone exceedingly well. Marcus has brought her off without any trouble, and without exciting the least suspicion. The Lovelaces will be over to-morrow to see her and the proofs; and the latter they shall certainly see. As for the girl, she seems very delicate, and I shall insist upon keeping her perfectly quiet, as the best thing for her in the circumstances.

She was not at all convinced by the evidence laid before her; but, as it was not prepared for her eyes alone, that is a matter of minor consequence.

I never expected a silly love-sick girl to believe anything unpleasant simply on documentary evidence. However, the great point at present is that she is here with us and under our care.

She did just as I expected—spent her time directly she got up-stairs in writing to Winifred Lovelace. Marcus brought me the letter, and it served my purpose admirably, being long, and thus containing every word that I required in the fabrication of a letter which I posted to Mrs. Lovelace without the least qualm.

The Lovelaces will be satisfied on receiving that letter as to the girl's well-being and state of mind.

November 12th.—Things are going very much as we expected. Trevor Lovelace and his wife called this afternoon, and Christabel was securely locked in her room.

They entered with grave disturbed faces, and I met them with corresponding gloom.

"This is a very painful business," said Trevor. "We have come to see what can be made of it."

"I never believed it could be true till I got Christabel's note this morning," cried Winifred almost tearfully. "And indeed even now I cannot help hoping there is some mistake. Don't you think I might see the poor dear child just for a moment? I would try not to excite her, and perhaps I might cheer her up a little."

"Well, Mrs. Lovelace," I answered, "you shall judge for yourself. I should be only too glad for the poor girl to be cheered up by any one, for she is sadly prostrated by this blow, as is only natural; and I have persuaded her to try to get a little sleep this afternoon. But I cannot help telling you that she did say to me—as I believe she said to you by letter—that just at first an interview could hardly be productive of anything but pain. At the same time, if you wish it, I will not in anyway hinder the meeting."

I added these words because I saw that Winifred distrusted me.

"I should very much like to see her," she said; "I am very fond of her."

I rang the bell, and when the servant appeared I said to her—

"Will you send up to Miss Devereux and ask if she feels well enough to see Mrs. Lovelace?"

In about five minutes a little slip of paper prepared beforehand, was handed to Winifred. I knew its contents perfectly.

"Dearest Winifred—Do not be vexed at my not seeing you to-day. I really do not feel equal to doing so, and it would only distress us both. I shall want to see you soon—in a week's time perhaps—but not just now; it is a little too soon. If you see him to-morrow, tell him he must never, never come near me again.

"CHRISTABEL."

I saw Winifred's countenance fall as she read this; but of course she pressed the matter no further. Trevor, who had been gravely examining the documents, now glanced at the note in his wife's hand.

"I think Christabel is acting wisely," he said. "This is a very ugly bit of business, I am afraid, my love; and your natural reluctance to believe ill of your favorite, which does great credit to your heart, would of course upset the poor girl. These certificates are perfectly correct and properly attested. If Vere can upset their testimony he will be cleverer than I think possible. The only chance is that the woman is dead; but Marcus can find no record to that effect, and even then his conduct can hardly be excused. However we must hear what he has to say for himself; and meanwhile we leave Christabel in very safe hands."

Trevor was playing the part we expected of him; but I could see that Winifred was not satisfied—that she did not entirely believe in us. I gathered, from what I heard of the parting words of Marcus and Trevor, that we should not be subjected to another visit for some days to come.

November 13th.—Not much to record here, save that the mask has pretty well been dropped on both sides now.

The girl knows that she is a prisoner, and we hardly care to keep up appearances. I dislike her intensely! What right has she to win my son's heart only to trample on it and despise it?

Letters came this morning for her—one from Winifred, with enclosures from young Mannesty, written in London.

Trevor would never have allowed them to be forwarded had he known; but his wife evidently acted quite on her own discretion, or rather, lack of discretion. However, all turned out well, as it enabled me to make up a letter from Vere to her—one more in keeping with our own ideas. She had the insolence to call it a forgery; but that was mere bravado.

It will rankle her mind by-and-by, and I dare say do its work in due time.

November 15th.—That tiresome idiot, Joel Blake, has done us a bad turn by his stupid carelessness. He left the door of the walled garden unlocked, contrary to strict orders, and the consequence was that Vere Mannesty, who was prowling about, got sight of Christabel, and even had speech of her—just the very thing we were most anxious to avoid.

Last evening I spoke to her of marriage with my son, and he made advances also. Of course she expressed horror and repugnance, as was expected; but she is a pitiful little coward, and we can soon crush her into submission by terrorism.

Had she not seen her lover this would have been more easily accomplished, as she must have distrusted him soon; whereas, now that they have exchanged words, however few, they will certainly have arrived at some mutual understanding. But what is done cannot be undone, and we must make the best of matters as they stand. At the worst we can but hurry on our preparations.

Marcus is mad with jealous hate against young Mannesty. He saw him about the place to-day, and I imagine they had a very stormy interview. He declines to see him in the house, or to hold any communication with him.

November 22nd.—A week has passed since I made any entry, and on the whole I consider matters to be in a satisfactory state. The girl is being kept on short rations, and deprived of all luxuries, even of some necessaries and is getting into a very weak state. A few days more of this and I think she will be as submissive and tame as a starved cat. Moreover, I see a new way of extorting compliance from her.

To-day my son brought me a little note, which he had accidentally found in the pocket of the idiot gardener, Joel Blake. It was from Vere Mannesty to Christabel, and contained the information that on Wednesday night he would come and set her free.

I advised that this note should be replaced in the man's pocket, and that she be permitted to give him a reply. This she will no doubt do to-morrow, when she shall walk alone in the garden.

I shall see what she does; and, if she gives Joel a note for Mannesty, we can easily contrive to see its contents before it is conveyed to its destination. If this rescue is all planned for Wednesday, we shall have a fine weapon ready to hand for terrifying the stubborn child.

I do not think she will be able to stand out against the pressure then brought to bear. I see a means whereby we can bring her to her senses, or frighten her out of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH WAS RIGHT?—At the late election on the Prohibitory amendment a Massachusetts man on going to the polls was confronted by a lady, who said to him:

"Young man, are you married?"

"Yes, madam."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then take this Yes ballot and cast it, and you will find it all the better for your family and your home."

"Madam," said the young man, "are you married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then give those ballots to some man and go home and attend to your family, and it will all the better for everybody.

"WHICH of the great characters of old would you like to marry?" This is the question, that was brought under debate the other night in the Blank Society. One bold man of mature years and martial experience selected Xantippe as the woman of his preference; another man selected Cleopatra, and a third the Queen of Sheba. Of the three ladies, one made a choice of Samson, another of Hercules, and a third of Job.

Bric-a-Brac.

"HEAD OR TAILS."—Many of us have decided which side in a game is to begin first by the simple plan of tossing up a coin and guessing whether the head will come uppermost or not. Though most coins have a head, none of them has a tail, but a variety of devices instead. Now, as the opposite of head is supposed to be tail, all these devices—which are on the opposite side is a coin to the head—are included in the term "tail." Among the old Romans the cry was "Heads or ships."

A LARGE GLOBE.—In the centre of the Champs de Mars, at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, there is to be a terrestrial globe about 45 feet in diameter. It will be a representation of the world on a scale of one-millionth—that is to say, a million times smaller than the actual world. To give some idea of the proportion, the city of Paris will not cover a square half-inch. The globe will turn on its axis like an ordinary school globe, and is certain to form an interesting feature of the Exhibition.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."—A correspondent says that "the expression 'sweetness and light' is meaningless, unless we know the context. In Swift's 'Battle of the Books' there is a dispute between a spider and a bee. Afterwards Æsop takes up the cause of ancient authors, whom he likens to bees, and says that 'instead of dirt and poison (such as are collected by modern authors or spiders) we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.'"

ELECTING A CHIEF.—The Chief of the Cossacks of the Don—a large territory in the south of Russia—used to be called the Hetman, and was elected or chosen in a curious manner. When the people were met together they threw their fur caps at the candidate for whom they wished to vote and the man who had the greatest number of caps at his feet became their general, or hetman. The last person thus elected was Count Platoff (1812–1814). After his death the hetman was appointed by the Czar, but finally the title was vested in the Grand Duke, heir to the Russian throne.

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.—This is an old story borrowed from the "Wonder Lover" of Lucian, who relates it of the magician Pankrates and his pupil, Eukrates. The magician's apprentice turns a broom into a kobold by the secret incantation he has learned through eavesdropping, and employs it to fill a bath-tub. As he has not learned the three words which restore the water carrier to its proper shape the bath is not only filled, but pail after pail is discharged until the house is flooded. The apprentice cuts the kobold in two with a sabre. There are now two kobolds, both pouring water into the house, until the apprentice flies to his master for assistance. The obvious moral is the danger of a half-knowledge of anything.

WOOD FLOUR.—In the Catskills and other parts of New York State a curious industry consists in converting beech trees into wood flour. A whole trunk is stripped of its bark, put into a huge mechanism, which is practically a pencil sharpener on a vast scale, and cut into miles of the finest ribbons. These are thrown into a mill and converted into wood meal or wood flour. This is used, it is said, for making paper, although the farmers hint that it is taken west by Government contractors to feed the Indians and supply our army with daily bread. In very dry summer weather this dust fills the air of the mill and is often explosive. Twice there have been accidents of the kind in this industry.

FAMOUS TREES.—Branches of the White Thorn were used for the nuptial chaplets of Athenian brides, and a tree of this variety is still alive that was planted by Mary Queen of Scots. There is a tradition among the French peasantry that groans and cries issue from the Hawthorn on Good Friday, doubtless arising from the superstition that Christ's crown of thorns was made from this bush. The legend is that the cross of Jesus was made of Aspen wood, and hence its leaves were doomed to tremble. The real cause of the mobility depends on the fact that the leaf stalk of the Poplar is flattened laterally, and even the slightest wind produces a motion. Since this is so, we may be sure that the Aspen will continue to wail and tremble, but not because its leaves are accursed.

A PEDANT holds more to instruct us with what he knows, than of what we are ignorant.

DAY DREAMS.

BY S. A. W.

How they come, and how they go,
Ever fleeting, never slow,
Sailing up to Heaven;
Tiny, subtle, wayward things,
Brilliant meteors, sparkling rings,
Which flash, and then are riven!

How they go and how they come,
Some so restful, yearning some;
Others like wild flowers!
Some like fragrant even-wind;
Some like clouds upon the wind,
Which, later, turn to showers.

How they come, and how they go,
Born in sorrow, nursed in woe!
O happy, useless dreaming!
Rainbow-tinted, many-starred,
Tear-drops shed, sweet fancies marred—
Is all to end in seeming?

Shadowed by Fate.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(CONTINUED.)

HERON called a cab, and they drove to Mr. Barrington's offices. Scarcely a word was spoken on the way. Amidst the varied emotions which their nearness produced in her breast one stood out prominently, the feeling that they were more widely divided than ever; that since she had parted from him last he had become engaged to Lady Lillian.

Mr. Barrington was at home, and they were shown up to his private room.

The old man started up from his chair, and held out his hand with something like impetuosity.

"Miss Iris!" he exclaimed. "You have come to me at last, then! Welcome, welcome! Ah, I have been more considerate than you! I have paid you more than one visit!" he added, as he led her to a chair. "I have seen you at the theatre!" answering her look of interrogation.

She colored.

"At the theatre," he said, with grave emphasis. "Which your beauty and genius had transformed for me into a temple of art! There, there—" he went on, patting her hand. "But you didn't come to me, after this long silence, to receive my compliments, true and honest though they be. Has he told you?" and he nodded to Lord Heron, who leant against the mantelshelf, his eyes madly devouring the lovely face.

"No," he said, "I have told her nothing; I wished her to hear it from you."

"Quite right," said the old man, "quite right. It is a lawyer's work, and doubly so when that lawyer is an old friend! Miss Knighton—now, don't be frightened,"—for Iris had raised her eyes to him with a look of apprehension,—"it is good news this time, my dear! Iris, we have found your father's will! You are the mistress of the Revels, of every acre of land, of every penny, of everything he possessed, in short."

The color left her cheeks, and she sat looking straight at him in silence for a moment.

"Is that all?" she said at last.

The old man hung his head. He understood her—both he and Heron Coverdale—only too well.

She had hoped that they would tell her that she was that father's lawful daughter, that the stand of much shame was removed!

"Is that all?" she repeated in a voice of disappointment too deep for tears.

"All!" he exclaimed with forced cheerfulness. "What!—isn't it enough to be one of the richest young ladies in England?"

She looked from him to Lord Heron.

"And—and he,—Lord Coverdale?" she said quietly.

Lord Heron's eyes dropped.

Mr. Barrington laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, he? He is of no consequence; you mustn't think of him. He has been living in clover too long, especially as the clover did not belong to him all the while."

"He—Lord Coverdale—would have to give it all back to me?" she said in a very low voice.

"Of course!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington, rubbing his hands; "and if I know anything about his feelings, I may add that he will do so with the greatest pleasure."

"This is the happiest moment I have spent for many a long month," said Heron quietly but intensely.

"Yes," said Mr. Barrington. "Fortunately, the whole thing is as easy as 'A B C.' The scoundrel Ricardo——"

Iris started and shrank.

"Now, don't be frightened. He is disposed of in the most complete fashion, I assure you. But he—as we ought to have suspected if we had possessed any sense!—hid the will. Here it is," and he took it from his safe, "and here is the scamp's confession of the robbery and concealment. I think that is all I shall tell you this morning—you don't want to know how it was found, do you, beyond this, that Lord Heron was the means of its discovery?"

She raised her eyes to his face, then lowered them again.

"Yes," he said gravely; "I was fortunate enough to find it."

There was a moment's silence.

"And now, my dear Miss Iris, we want your instructions!" and he rubbed his hands. "I am sorry for the manager of the Lyric, sorry for the public, of which I am one! But I think that the mistress of the Revels should lose no time in returning to her proper place, which, under the circumstances, the stage cannot be called. Lord Heron has got everything in order, he tells me; there has been no deterioration of the property, rather an increase in value, indeed; and he is prepared to hand it over to you at a moment's—half a moment's notice. Is that so, my lord?"

"It is," said Lord Heron gravely.

Still she sat silent. The clock ticked on the mantelshelf, and her eyes remained fixed on the will and the confession of Ricardo. Then she looked up.

"I cannot go back," she said, in a low voice. "I shall not leave the stage."

Mr. Barrington knit his brows; Lord Heron stood with impassive countenance for a minute, then he said in a tone from which he tried to crush the bitterness and misery.

"Perhaps Miss Knighton would like to consult her friends — Lord Montacute should have accompanied her."

A scarlet flush rose to Iris's face, and as her eyes glanced up at him, it seemed reproachfully; her lips opened, but she did not speak.

"Well, well, yes," assented Mr. Barrington, with a nod. "Just so. Certainly, Lord Montacute should know of this change in Miss Iris's fortunes. Where can we find him?"

"He was with Miss Knighton when I met him just now," said Lord Heron, trying to speak indifferently, but averting his face slightly.

It was a move in the game of cross purposes which might yet wreck their lives.

"Indeed! Yes, yes, very natural of course," said Mr. Barrington. "I should be glad to meet him. Will you give me his address, Miss Iris?"

Iris faltered the name of the hotel at which Clarence was stopping, and as she did so she saw that Heron's lips grew tightly compressed.

"As to your not going back, my dear young lady," said Mr. Barrington, gravely, "that is of course too wild and absurd a notion to be entertained. But I see you are rather overcome by the suddenness of all this, and naturally! Will you come to-morrow with Lord Montacute?"

Iris flushed again. She longed to exclaim:

"No! Lord Montacute has no right to influence my judgment which other friends do not possess!" but she could not.

She knew that they both thought her engaged to Clarence, and yet what could she do?

What did it matter either what they thought? Was not he going to marry Lady Lillian?

"I will come to-morrow morning," she said.

"And bring Lord Montacute?" said Mr. Barrington with a smile.

"If—if he will be so kind," said poor Iris.

Mr. Barrington smiled.

"There is not much doubt of that, I think," he said significantly. "And now, Lord Coverdale, I shall give her into your charge. I am going down this afternoon to the Revels to see that all is right, but I shall be back in time for our meeting to-morrow, that is Monday, of course, at twelve. Good-bye, my dear; I cannot tell you how delighted I was when Lord Heron placed that will on my desk. That moment almost compensated me for all the pain I had endured on your account, and now you talk of rendering the will of no avail! Oh, fie, fie!" and with a playful tenderness he pressed her hand and patted it.

Lord Heron opened the door for her, and they went down the stairs in silence. He called a cab, and as it drew up he quickly said:

"Will you let me say how happy this discovery has made me."

She hung her head.

"As Mr. Barrington said, it has almost recompensed me for all I have suffered! Ah, if you knew—but you will never know—how great that has been."

"But—but," she said brokenly, trying to smile. "You will be happy now! I mean—" she faltered,—"your life lies bright before you now, Lord Coverdale."

Why did he not say, "You mean that I shall be happy in my marriage with Lady Lillian? It is broken off!"

A few words, and all would have been over.

But how could he tell her the story of Lady Lillian's shame? Instead, he said in a low voice:

"Yes, it is brighter now," and he put her in her cab without even raising his eyes to her face.

As she drove away, he went upstairs to Mr. Barrington, and dropping into a chair, leant his head upon his hands in silence for awhile; then he said:

"I cannot stay and see them together—blame me for a coward, old friend, if you will!—I cannot help it. I have seen them once to-day, that is enough. I shall leave England to-morrow, and, please Heaven, I will never come back."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LORD HERON went straight to his hotel and told his man to make preparations for an immediate departure from England. The sight of Iris had stirred the passion to its very depths.

"Why should he stay and be tortured by seeing her the wife of another?" he asked himself, as he paced up and down his private sitting-room while his man was busy packing in the next apartment. "I am alone in the world, and no one cares what becomes of me—I, least of all! I will go to Africa—anywhere—and never come back. I can go with a clear conscience now, for I shall have the means of returning her to her place in the world, and so helping her towards happiness! Oh, my darling! it was a bad day for me on which you saved me from the Knighton bull!"

He spent that evening setting his affairs in order. Thanks to the care with which he had managed the estate, everything was in perfect trim, and he could step out of it as easily as a man steps out of a pair of slippers; and at last, as the clock at Westminster was striking two, he went to bed to stare at the highly æsthetic wall-paper and think of the beautiful girl he was leaving for ever!

Iris went home in a state of mind difficult to describe. She was the mistress of the Revels once more! The historic place with all the immense wealth was hers to do as she pleased with!

But how could she go back and reign there? She, whose life lay under a cloud of shame, who possessed no name save the one she invented for herself! It would be true she had made that name a famous one, but the place for Mabel Howard was before the foot-lights and not in the patrician halls of the Knightons.

But it was all here,—the land, the money, the Revels! What should she do with it? It was of no use to her, absolutely none! Already she possessed an income far and away above her requirements. What should she do with the property which had come back into her hands so strangely?

All the way home she pondered over the problem, trying to force herself away from thinking of Lord Heron, but she could not succeed.

How pale and worn he looked! He ought to have looked happy and content, for though he had lost the Revels, he was rich still in the love of that beautiful Lady Lillian.

And why did he speak so significantly of Lord Clarence? Did he think that she was going to marry him?—that she had learned to unlove him and love again as quickly as he had done? Yes, he had thought so.

"It does not matter!" she murmured, taking off her things and gazing out of the window of her room dreamily, "nothing much matters——"

"What has happened, Mabel dear?" said Paul, coming in and drawing her arm round his neck. "You have been crying!"

"Have I?" she said, trying to smile, "how sharp your eyes are, Paul! Well, yes I have a little!"

"It was bad news, then, that he brought you after all?" he said gently. "How handsome he is, Mabel!" I remember seeing him talking to you in the park that afternoon of the Rosedale. 'At home.' Is he a very old friend, dear?

"Not a very old, but a—very great friend, Paul," she said.

Then she suddenly decided to tell him the problem—with all his simplicity he possessed a singular kind of shrewdness; out of the mouths of babes come wisdom more often than one is inclined to realize.

"Paul," she said, "suppose you found—you found—that you were rich; I mean, very rich indeed, and that you did not want the money, and would rather, ten thousand times rather, that it should remain with the person whom you were depriving of it. What would you do?"

Paul thought a moment, rubbing his cheek gently against her soft white palm.

"I'd give it back to him!"

Iris sighed.

"Yes, but suppose he would not take it?"

"Then I should keep it myself," he answered promptly.

"But I cannot do that," she said almost piteously.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—because! Dear, there are so many reasons that I don't know which to give first! But I can't, that is reason enough isn't it?"

"For a woman, quite!" said the boy, with one of his simple shrewd smiles.

He was silent a moment, then he said quickly:

"Is this Lord Coverdale married, Mabel?"

Iris colored and then turned her head away.

"Not yet, Paul, but he is going to be going to marry a very beautiful girl, of whom he is very, very fond."

"And is she rich?" he asked.

"I don't think so. I have heard that she is not."

"Why, Mabel, it is easy enough!" he said triumphantly. "Give this money to her for a wedding present—that is if you are sure, quite sure, you don't want it yourself."

Iris started. It was inspiration.

"Paul, you are a genius in more than music," she exclaimed in a low voice. "Yes, that is it! I will do it—at once," and she looked as if she were going to slip on her bonnet and set about it on the instant.

"Wait," said Paul; "I am only a stupid, ignorant boy, and you are laughing at me, Mabel. Why don't you ask Lord Clarence, who really is clever?"

Iris colored, and she looked rather stubborn.

"Lord Clarence?" she said, "why he—he is offended with me! He left me this morning, and—and I don't know—I'm not sure that he will come back!"

Paul smiled.

"I think he will come back," he said significantly. "I don't think he could live very far from you, Mabel!"

Iris flushed almost angrily.

"That is nonsense, Paul! And he will have to get over it!" and she looked very near to tears.

"There—there—dear!" he said soothingly. "Don't let it worry you!" and going from her side, he got his violin and began to play.

"You are right, Paul," she said presently, as if he had been listening to a long argument. "Why should anything worry me? I have got my work! Everything else has gone—that I cared for,"—and her eyes filled,—"but I have got my work!"

But though she spoke heroically, the news which she had heard that morning haunted her all the evening excepting when she was on the stage.

For the first time since he had found her, Lord Clarence did not appear at the theatre. She noticed his absence with a sigh, little thinking that though out of sight he was near at hand, and watching her passage from the stage to the cab door.

The next day was Sunday, and she and Paul spent it in their ordinarily quiet manner; but with one difference. Lord Clarence had got into the habit of dropping in on Sunday afternoons and taking them for a drive in the country, or, if the weather was bad, sitting in an easy chair over a cup of tea.

This afternoon he did not come.

"You see, Paul," said Iris with a smile, that was rather sad, "I was right; Lord Clarence has gone for good."

"I don't think so," said Paul. "We shall see."

But the day passed, and Lord Clarence did not come. It was the longest day Iris had spent for a long time, and as she laid her head on her pillow at night it was with a sigh of loneliness and an aching sense of having been deserted and left desolate.

Probably Clarence would call early in the morning, and would go with her to Mr. Barrington's, she thought.

But Lord Clarence did not come and, putting on her things, she went down to Lincoln's Inn by herself, her brain all in a whirl, but one purpose fixed in the chaos.

Mr. Barrington looked over his shoulder as she entered, and he took both her hands in his.

"Lord Montacute?" he said. "Has he not come with you?"

"No," said Iris blushing for an instant. "I have not seen him since Saturday. And if I had, I don't know why I should trouble him, Mr. Barrington."

The old man looked at her gravely and with some embarrassment.

"He is a very old friend, my dear," he said.

"Yes, but——"

"And he is to be a very near one, is he not? In a word, you are engaged to him, are you not, Miss Iris?"

"No!" said Iris in a low voice. "Why do you say that?" and she looked up at him almost reproachfully.

The old man started and seemed very much agitated.

"The papers——"

Iris made a gesture of impatience.

"The papers," she said almost angrily. "Do you believe all the papers say about me, Mr. Barrington?"

"Not I," he responded with a grave smile.

"No; I should think not," she said hurriedly. "Why, last week one of them said that I had sung at the corner of one of the large thoroughfares, and after collecting money, poured it into the hat of a blind man standing by. And another stated, as a matter of undoubted fact, that I had a cork leg," and she burst into a laugh that was almost a cry. "There is nothing too absurd for them to print about me."

"But this is not absurd! this engagement with Lord Clarence!" he said.

"It is absurd!" she exclaimed. "It is not true."

Mr. Barrington strummed on the desk with his fingers, and looked troubled and distressed.

"Why did you not say this on Saturday, when Lord Heron was here?" he asked almost reproachfully.

"Why should I? No one asked me. Besides, it was no business of his!" she added, with a touch of gentle spite.

"No business of his!" exclaimed the old man under his breath. "Phew!"

What should he do? It was not for him to make love to her on behalf of Lord Heron, his client. If only Lord Heron would drop in now! But where was he at this moment?

"Well, my dear," he said with a touch of doubt and hesitation, "it is all a terrible muddle. I hope you have come to clear some of it up by telling me that you will go back to the Revels at once, like a good girl!" he added almost appealingly.

"No!" said Iris firmly, but keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, "I have come to tell you what I intended to do with it—with the whole property, I mean."

Mr. Barrington threw himself back with an air of resignation.

"Well," he said, "see here, my dear: if you have any idea of giving it to Lord Heron, dismiss it! Dismiss it at once, for he will not take a penny."

"I know that," she said quietly; "but I can give it to Lady Lillian Foyle!" and as she spoke the name she raised her eyes to his.

"Lady Lillian Foyle!" gasped the old man, who detested the Foyle's, and had re-

joined in the breaking off of the match between her and Lord Heron.

"Yes!" said Iris quickly; "she will not be too proud to take it. I mean it as—as a wedding gift!"

"A wedding gift!—what wedding?"

Then he rose.

"You think she is going to marry Lord Heron, then?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Iris quietly; "I saw it in the papers."

Mr. Barrington smiled grimly.

"You should not believe everything you see in the papers!" he retorted. "As a matter of fact, there is to be no marriage between Lord Heron and Lady Lilian. There was an engagement, but it is broken off definitely, and for ever"

The blood rushed to Iris's face, then left it deadly pale, and her gloved hand closed on the back of a chair.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the old man, ruffling his few remaining locks; "what a mess it is! Why couldn't you have spoken out on Saturday, and said there was nothing between you and Lord Montacute? And why couldn't Lord Heron have told you that his engagement with Lady Lilian had fallen through? All would have been cleared up then. And now! Now what is to be done? Oh, my dear, do be persuaded by me, and go down to the Revels."

Iris interrupted him by shaking her head.

"I am going back to Markham Street," she said, in a low voice; "I will never go back to the Revels. If I were Iris Knighton it would be different, but I am—Mabel Howard, of the Lyric, and I will remain so!" and she went without another word.

Mr. Barrington was so upset that he did not rise from his chair, and sat there staring at the door for five minutes; then he rang the bell violently, and to the clerk, who hurried in, he said sharply:

"Go round to Lord Heron's hotel, and ask him to be kind enough to come to me at once! Sharp, please!"

The man had scarcely rushed out when a servant announced Lord Montacute.

"Thank Heaven, here is one of you!" exclaimed Lord Barrington, as he shook hands. "I was longing to see you," he added, as he looked at Clarence's grave face.

"I came for Lord Coverdale's address," said Clarence quietly.

"I've just sent for him," replied Mr. Barrington. "Sit down, Lord Clarence. I have just parted from Miss Knighton."

Clarence flushed and nodded.

"She—she—you know, I suppose, that the will has been found, and that she is the sole heiress!"

Clarence looked relieved.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I knew there was a will."

"So did that scoundrel Ricardo," said Mr. Barrington, "for he had stolen it. Lord Heron recovered it from him a few days—hours ago."

"I went to see him," said Clarence moodily. "Is it true, this announcement in the papers, that the engagement to Lady Lilian is broken off?"

"Quite true."

Lord Clarence sighed.

"I must see him at once," he said. "I have something to tell him, something that concerns his happiness and that of—of another person who is very dear to me."

Mr. Barrington looked steadily at him and nodded.

"Yes," said Clarence with an effort. "I made a discovery on Saturday that I must act upon at once. Where is he?"

"He will be here directly," said Mr. Barrington.

As he spoke the clerk returned.

"Lord Coverdale has left England!" he said breathlessly. "This letter——"

Mr. Barrington almost snatched it from him and tore it open.

"Dear Barrington," he read aloud, "I can endure it no longer. I am off to Africa. You have the will and my resignation of the property. Tell Lord Clarence and Miss Knighton that I wish them every happiness.

Yours,

Coverdale."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CAR CONDUCTOR'S TONGUE.—"If you're going to wait to kiss all the people in them five cabs this car ain't going to wait," yelled the conductor of a car at the Cemetery the other day.

The car had started up, but the conductor had stopped it for the vociferous driver of a cab which headed a line of five from the cemetery. The osculatory proceedings were stopped and a lady made for the car.

"It does beat all," remarked the conductor, as he spitefully pulled the bell, "how some women think they can stop a car while they kiss all their neighbors."

"Are you troubled much by women in that way?" I asked, as I finished my cigar on the platform. "No, 'cause we won't stop, and the women mostly knows it. Everything under the sun but the cars has to wait for that sort of thing. You've no notion," he went on, "how the day's business would be damaged in the city if the street cars would wait for women like the cabs and other vehicles do." "You're rather out of sorts with the women, aren't you?" I asked. "Oh, no, I guess not. You wouldn't have thought so yesterday if you had been on my car and seen me set down on a couple of young bloods for their ill-manners to a lady passenger. They are great friends and nearly always go down town together. They've got good clothes and a first-class notion of their own smartness, but when it comes to manners and common sense they're just out. They got on my car yesterday not a thousand miles from here and pretty soon a big fat woman came on. They whispered to one another and giggled like a pair of simpletons. Then they got up and said, both together: 'Take our seats, madam.' She got red in the face and I thought she'd say something to 'em, but she didn't, and after a minute she took the vacant place. Everybody looked at the smart young men, but nobody said anything. Pretty soon I commenced to collect the fares. One of them gave me a quarter to pay for both. I gave him back nineteen cents. 'You've made a mistake, haven't you?' says he. 'No, I guess not,' I answered. 'It's only three cents apiece for children and fools.' How the passengers enjoyed it. The fat woman laughed till the car shook. Would you believe it, them fellows had to leave the car before we got half way up-town? Of course I had to pay the other two cents apiece, but I had more'n four cents' worth of fun."

A LADY IN OLD EGYPT.

IN the land of Egypt more than five thousand years ago there reigned a civilization and culture which might in many respects put our much-vaunted superiority to shame, and we may in thought not only rebuild their temples and trace the history of their great conquests, but also repeople their ancient world with real men and women, dress them in their own clothes, and learn to know their ways and faces as if they were truly old friends.

The houses in which they lived are gone; there are scarcely any remains of them.

These houses they built of mud and wood to last but for a moment, and they called them inns or hosteiries; while their tombs, their dwellings as they said for eternity, they built of stone.

The sanctity of the grave has preserved to us in these tombs, treasure chambers.

Here in the tomb the immortal pictures have rendered the earthly life of the ancient Egyptian eternal; here the "lady of the house" is always at home, and even the mysteries of her toilet are revealed to each careless passer-by who casts his curious glance upon the walls.

From such an artist we learn in a realistic way that ladies in Egypt of three and four thousand years ago not only wore jewelry, but that they were not above the frivolity of chatting together when they met upon the relative beauty of their earrings.

They required, or at all events they often had, the assistance of many handmaidens, whom we see surrounding their mistress at her toilet, some bringing her flowers, some jewels, some vases of perfumes, some busy rubbing oil into her soft skin after the bath, while others stand patiently awaiting her bidding.

Afterwards we see these ladies of fashion as with careless ease and natural grace they join in the feasts, they sit listening to the music of professionals, or are themselves the performers, or converse, or look on at the dancing of hirelings.

Fashionable ways of dressing the hair or of shaping the wig may be discovered by studying the statues of the deceased, which were placed in the tomb.

These are often represented wearing wigs, some short and thick, others with longer hair flowing down over the shoulders, or with two thick pieces in front covering the ears and descending over the chest.

All show elaborate care and trouble, and, indeed, in some the face itself seems secondary to the immense mass of hair which surrounds it.

These wigs were made either of sheep's wool or of human hair; the former were probably for every-day wear; the latter, perhaps, kept for festivals, for state occasions, when the women no doubt had to appear in all their splendor before their king, who was both High Priest and monarch.

Amongst the women of Nubia we find living pictures at the present day of these old Egyptian styles; and the shocks of hair in innumerable little plaits, carefully oiled with castor-oil, make one sometimes wonder whether the ladies of the old frescoes are not around one in very life; while in the children's hands are dolls made of pieces of cane, with miniature models of ancient wigs pinned on the top with a long thorn.

Wooden pillows are used by these Nubian women, hollowed out for the head, not so much to give rest in sleep as to guard the hair from being injured during unconsciousness.

Wooden pillows from Egyptian tombs fill glass cases in our museums, and it is strange to see how little difference there is between the ancient and the modern.

Curious hair recipes occur on some of the papyri, some of which are very absurd.

One to prevent the hair from turning gray directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf cooked in oil; in another that of a black bull is preferred for the same object; evidently the color of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair.

In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for really strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious friend.

Cakes of some composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of the guests at feasts, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the air.

A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have been a pleasure; and with the Egyptians, as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness.

Rouge and other coloring substances were used by women in Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line underneath them; the lashes and eyebrows were pencilled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the henna plant.

In our museums we can see the little pots and vases formerly filled with these unguents and colors, and the pencils they used with them, as well as various sorts of combs and hair-pins.

All these little essentials of the toilet were placed in the tombs by the loving hands of friends and relations for the use of that spiritual body, which they believed required all the adornment the lady had loved upon earth.

Notwithstanding the elaborate care lavished by the Egyptian lady on her personal adornment, she adopted a simplicity of dress suitable to the climate in which she lived.

Except for the wig, the head was usually uncovered, with sometimes a colored band tied round it

In common life also the women, both of high and low degree, went barefoot, though they had sandals to wear when they were in full dress.

The sandals were made of papyrus, or palm fibre, or of leather; they had straps to pass round the foot and between the toes, and in some a piece of the sole was turned up, and bent over the toes to protect them; in later times some of the leather sandals had sides to them, which caused them very much to resemble modern shoes.

Herodotus says of dress in Egypt that "the men have two vests, the women only one;" and it is a fact of Egyptian history that the dress of the man was always more elaborate and complicated than that of the woman.

The old historian adds that "they (that is, both men and women) are so regardful of neatness that they wear only linen, and that always newly washed."

The testimony of Herodotus is borne out by the representations of men washing their clothes (about 2000 B.C.), while every traveler on the Nile often sees the modern Egyptian washing his one long blue shirt in the river; afterwards he washes himself, and then putting on his wet garment, both dry together in the sun as he goes about his work.

Under the old empire in ancient Egypt, both queen and peasant wore, as a rule, the same close-fitting robe, which reached from the shoulders to the ankle; this was either supported by two straps somewhat like the modern braces worn by men, or it covered the shoulders and opened on the chest in V form.

These dresses were made of linen, sometimes of an unbleached yellow hue, though white was preferred as the coolest and the most cleanly.

When later the great conquests of the Egyptians opened out the country to foreign influences and customs, we find a great change in the fashion of dress; then it was that both men and women began to wear long transparent robes, more decorative perhaps than useful.

The dress simply clothed the figure; the woman, too unconscious of her beauty to try to hide it, allowed the long sweeping lines to be seen, until the Greeks taught them those beautiful elaborate folds of drapery which win the admiration of the world.

The material found in such quantities in the tombs is never "made up" into dresses, partly because such dresses as were worn required little making, partly perhaps because the living friends and relations thought that the fashions might alter so much in the course of years, the lady who was gone to the Hidden Land would rather have her trousseau in such form that she could use it as she liked.

This material is always of linen, generally toned by age to a beautiful yellow or tawny brown.

In the old frescoes the ladies are represented literally covered with ornaments, and we are able to compare these pictures with the objects themselves found on the mummies.

Some of these have a religious character, such are the amulets and charms, which were supposed to help the deceased in the under-world, the sacred eye of Horus, the symbols of life and of stability, the scarabæus or sacred beetle; numbers of these are found in the coffins, in either costly or common metal, according to the wealth or rank of the deceased.

Rings with emblems of the gods are very frequent; they often tell us to the service of which divinity the wearer was devoted, or they give us his rank, as they were often used as official seals.

Mirrors of the same shape found in the tombs, are to be found in all museums; the Arabs in Egypt sell them to the tourists, and the Nubian children treat them as playthings; they are all loot from the tombs of ladies of the ancient past, who seem to have found great delight in studying the appearance of dress or features with the help of their mirrors of polished bronze.

Bracelets were worn on the upper part of the arms, as well as on the wrists; heavy twists of gold adorned the ankles; other jewels covered the forehead, neck, and breast.

Earrings were introduced from the East during the period of the great conquests of the fourteenth century B. C., and were often so heavy that they were fastened to the wig instead of to the ears.

No female mummy was buried without her necklaces, even though they should consist only of rows of colored beads skilfully woven into the form of an open network to cover the neck; indeed, it would appear that their intention was to have some decorative covering which should allow of cool breezes lightly fanning the upper part of the body, and at the same time should form a complete investment.

Their childlike enjoyment of adornment with bright colors is seen more perfectly in those wreaths of flowers, which were really the jewelry of home-life in Egypt.

These wreaths worn round the head of guests at feasts were nearly always composed of lotus-flowers, both buds and full-blown blossoms being used; while their necks were wreathed with garlands of various kinds.

And flowers were used, perhaps, even more to decorate the lady at her death than they had been while she was alive.

Wreaths and bouquets are always found with the mummies.

Children made these garlands, just as children do nowadays, by putting the stalk of the one flower through that of the next, and then they delighted in hanging these flowery chains round their own necks, or round those of their parents.

There were loving little children in that old country of the Nile, and our hearts are full as we see the objects brought from the graves of the girls and boys who, sad to say, died in the very springtime of life.

More touching far than the costly jewels or the curious and wonderful wigs are all these tokens of genuine childhood.

Dolls made of wood or bronze, with painted bodies and bugled hair, some well made, some with little likeness to humanity; animals with strings to pull their jointed limbs: a hippopotamus, crocodiles with movable jaws.

As we look at these toys the children of that far past seem very near to us, with their human love for their mock babies, picturing to us the love of those mothers of ancient Egypt, whom, when we know, we must revere and honor.

THE INDUSTRIOUS SQUIRREL.—A Danbury (Conn.) farmer points to the squirrel as affording an instance of agility, quickness and hard work. Last fall he stored several bushels of butternuts in the second story of his corn-house, and recently he noticed that they were disappearing much more rapidly than the legitimate demands for his family supply warranted.

He discovered soon afterward that a squirrel, a small red one, had found a hole under the eaves of the building, and was stocking her store-house with the nuts the farmer had gathered.

As an experiment to learn how rapidly the squirrel worked, he removed all but twenty of the nuts and set a watch upon them. Six hours afterward every nut was gone.

The distance from the corn-house to the tree where the squirrel had its nest was just 80 rods. In going for a nut and returning with it the sprightly little animal had to travel a distance of 160 rods.

Computation showed that the theft of the 20 nuts required just 10 miles of travel. But this did not include all. Several times dogs frightened the squirrel, and it had to turn back, and twice the family cat got after it, requiring it to take a circuitous route to reach the store-house.

The nest was examined soon afterward, and a big, fat, lazy male squirrel was found snoozing quietly while his little mate was performing a prodigious feat to supply him with food.

GOOD SOUND ADVICE.—Never throw a stone at any one until you have looked to see whether there is a window behind, or you may have to pay rather dearly for your revenge.

Never leave your hat in the passage, unless it is a bad one. Never fix your own price, but leave it "entirely to the liberality," of the gentleman, as the chances are you will get a good deal more by it. Never sit next a young lady at dinner, for she only talks, and does not care about eating. Never be executor to a will, as it is all liability, great trouble, and no profit. Never quarrel with your wife, or your sweetheart, as you will have to pay for making it up in the shape of a season ticket at the opera, a trip to the seaside, a silk dress, or a cashmere shawl.

Never mention you have received a legacy, or some impertinent fellow will be asking you to stand a dinner. Never pay to see a balloon go up, as you can see it much better by remaining outside.

CARELESS.—The absent-mindedness of Byron, the playwright, is famous. A new play was running through the dramatist's head as he was walking along Pall Mall, when a friend stopped him and said, "I am in grief."

"What is it?" asked Byron, mildly.

"I lost my father last week," said the man.

"Too bad, too bad," said Byron, with an air of absent sympathy; "very sorry."

Then he walked on and continued to think about his play. Three weeks later he happened to be again in Pall Mall, when the same man came up to him and said, "More misfortune."

"Eh?" said Byron, absently.

"I have just lost my mother," said the man, lugubriously.

"Dear me!" said the dramatist, petulantly, "you lost your father only a little while ago. What an exceedingly careless man you are!"

THE SECRET.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born, we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die.
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep,
Wby do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

We toil through pain and wrong;
We fight, we fly;
We love, we lose, and then ere long
Stone dead we lie,
O Life! is all thy song
Endure and die?

The Blind Artist.

BY E. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER I.

SERENA MAULDEN and Ferdinand Brail were very dear friends, in spite of some fifty-five years difference in their ages, or perhaps all the more on account of that difference.

He was a great artist—might have been one of the greatest in Europe perhaps—only long ago, when he had been young and strong, he had let himself get thoroughly wet out sketching, trying to catch the wonderful shades of a Cumberland thunderstorm, and, with the almost impious carelessness of youth, had taken no account of it, and sat for hours in his wet clothes; the result was an attack of rheumatic fever, which left him a cripple.

This had hampered his studies, but could not destroy his genius.

Travel was next door to an impossibility to him, and hard work an utter impossibility.

Yet spending all his life extended on a sofa, he still had painted, and painted gloriously.

Sea pieces generally, horrible wild storms, so fierce, and so awful, that, looking on them, one almost felt the agony of the drowning sailors; so stern rock-bound coasts, with great futile waves, dashing in helpless anger against them, or worse still hurling some stately ship to destruction.

Sometimes—but only sometimes—he painted portraits, painted them with wonderful truth and vivacity, but it was now and then said half in wonder, and half in jest, that those whose portraits he had painted were invariably unlucky.

He had painted Serena Maulden's portrait eight years ago, when she was a light-hearted girl in her first season—one of the pets of society—not a great beauty, but so sweet, people said, so nice.

A girl with no sarcasm in her whole composition, only pleasant, frank common-sense, and a very pretty, gentle manner.

She made a bewitching subject; the portrait was to have been her father's present to her husband on her marriage, but before the portrait was finished the lover had been found utterly worthless, and had fled in fear and shame from all who knew him.

So long as it was possible Serena was true to him; standing up for him against overwhelming proof, and speaking brave words in his defence—brave and loyal words; but they sounded terribly pathetic to those who knew only too well that he had neither cared, nor dared to defend himself.

At last, when she realized that her late lover neither valued nor desired her fidelity, she submitted; but she believed her life was over.

She made no show of anger or sorrow; she simply bade a kind farewell to society, walked out of it backwards, as it were, curtseying at the door, and lived a quiet life in her own home.

Perhaps no one but Ferdinand Brail ever knew what she suffered at the time when she heard the evil news, and through the many days which followed, while—vainly certain that her lover would clear himself—she had insisted on having the picture finished.

They never spoke of her lover there, though they often talked about him before with the sweet confidence of a young girl towards a very old man whom she loves and trusts, but at last, when she begged him to send home the picture as it was, for she did not want ever to see it again, he knew what that meant.

He said nothing, except that he hoped she would still come to see him often, for he was very lonely and liked to talk to her, and lame and unable to come to her.

So, after she had taken leave of society, Serena went very often to the old man's studio.

The two grew to be very firm friends, and had countless pleasant talks together, but they never spoke once of her lover during the eight long years of their friendship.

Serena had lived the last few years almost entirely alone.

Her sisters had grown up and married, and were with their husbands, one of whom was a governor of an insignificant far-off colony; another, an exceptional landlord, who lived on his estate on good terms with his tenants, in some place with an unpronounceable name, at the extreme left-hand corner of the map; the third, a Midland Squire, devoted to hunting and drainage.

Her father, who divided his time pretty equally among his four daughters, was at present visiting the colonial couple.

A few years after Serena had so hopelessly lost her lover, an affliction even greater than his lameness had befallen her old friend.

His eyesight slowly left him, and his painting was at an end.

Still, he had one consolation left; he could not paint pictures on canvas, but he could paint them in words—could paint them until his hearers saw them almost as vividly as he did, and this was a pleasure that could never leave him.

While he could yet see, he had seen the bitterness of sorrow pass away from Serena's face, leaving it still sweet and fair, with all life's possibilities yet in it; and when her face had slowly faded from his sight he could still hear her pleasant voice and sweet low laugh, and she made the chief figure in many a dream picture.

To-day they were sitting together in the big bow window of the room which had been the studio—that is, she was sitting on a low chair, and he was reclining on a wicker American sofa; a bright silk drapery was thrown over him, leaving his arms and shoulders free; beside him was a low table containing the tea equipage, some magazines, and a volume of Morris's poems.

Serena had been reading aloud, and Mr. Brail had not been paying the least attention; he had come out with utterly irrelevant remarks upon the state of the weather, and the state of the political atmosphere, the doctor's last prescription, and the last new music, during the most tragic passages; and between the most telling lines—

"It is no use," he said at last, "I can't listen. I have been thinking about women, and I am cross—naturally. My dear, do you look nice this afternoon?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "I look very nice indeed. I have my best bonnet on, and my best bonnet is very becoming: then my gloves match it perfectly, and all the buttons fasten. Generally the first button of my gloves will not fasten, but these will, because they are a very good pair of gloves."

Mr. Brail colored with pleasure in spite of his eighty-one years.

It was just like his Serena to put on her prettiest clothes to visit him, although he was blind and could not see her.

He took hold of one of the well-shaped hands as if to verify her assertion concerning the buttons.

"Serena, my dear," he said, after a pause, "as I said, I have been thinking about women."

"Well, dear, what about them?"

"They are so terribly conscious of their femininity; they never lose sight of it for a moment. They forget that they are humanities, they forget they are immortalities, because they will never lose sight of femininity. And the worst of it is," he went on inconsequently, "you are as bad as any of them."

"Yes; have I been giving an example lately?"

"Of course; that was what set me thinking. What you told me last time you were here."

"I forget. What was it?"

"Of course you forgot the incident, but I remember it, and have been seeing most frightful pictures ever since. Let me remind you. You were coming from the Streatham Common to Kensington, and you had to change carriages at Clapham Junction. As far as I remember it is a great misfortune to have to change cars at Clapham Junction."

"Yes," said Serena.

"It was two thirty-five in the afternoon. You knew there was no train to Kensington for some time, but you knew also that by walking across to Battersea you could catch a Richmond train to Kensington without loss of time?"

"Yes," said Serena, "I thought myself very clever for knowing that."

"As you were going down the steps to the underground passage, you heard behind you the following fragment of dialogue: 'When is the next train to Kensington?' 'Three-fifteen, sir.' 'Three-fifteen? Oh goodness!' Half turning, you saw a young man—you said a masher, but I shan't encourage you in talking slang—a young man standing in an attitude of dismal consternation as the stolid ticket collector turned away from him to the other passengers. Instead of charitably imparting your little piece of useful knowledge, you walked off by yourself, leaving him still in consternation!"

"Well," she said, laughing, "was it so very wrong?"

"Yes—very wrong indeed. Just consider; that young man may have been a very hard-up young man—a respectable unemployed. His clothes count for nothing, you know: he may have had on his best because he had pawned his second suit; he may have been on his way to apply for an appointment and lost it through being late. Serena, that young man may be starving in a garret now through your—femininity!"

"Let us hope not," said Serena.

"Or, perhaps, he was on his way to make up a quarrel with his fiancee. 'Dearest, meet me at three o'clock, and I will explain all,' he had entreated, and she had consented. Three o'clock comes—there, I see her pacing up and down the appointed spot; at five minutes past three she is impatient; at ten minutes past three she is tearful; at a quarter past three she is angry; at twenty minutes past three she has gone off in a rage, and accepted the other fellow!"

"I should suggest that if she is so quick-tempered he is best without her."

"Ah, but perhaps it was something quite different," said Mr. Brail promptly; "he may have been a married man with a wife and family, an aged mother, and an infirm mother-in-law depending on him. He has a good business, but a temporary embarrassment obliges him to ask a loan of his rich uncle. 'I'm not sure if I shall want it,' he says, 'but, if I do, I will let you know on Friday by three o'clock.'"

"All right," says the uncle, "you shall have it if you want it."

"Three o'clock comes: the uncle, a lawyer, has meanwhile received a letter begging him to go down at once to Devonshire to make the will of a rich client. He waits, packed bag in hand. Three o'clock comes, no nephew.

"I'll give him five minutes' grace," says the uncle.

"Gives him five—gives him ten—fifteen.

"Well," says he at last, "a man coming for money was never known to be late. It is clear my nephew's affairs are all right."

"So he goes; and that young man bolts to America, and his wife and family are thrown on the parish."

"Let us hope it isn't so bad as all that," said Serena. "After all, perhaps, he was only going to Kensington to have afternoon tea with his aunt."

"Perhaps," admitted Mr. Brail gloomily, "and in that case he very likely caught such a cold waiting among the draughts at Clapham Junction that he will go into consumption and die miserably a year or two hence. But you didn't tell him of that train at Battersea; you did not think of all the awful possible consequences, because your mind was filled with the thought that you were a young lady, and he was a gentleman."

"Excuse the correction, but I said a manner. It was vulgar, I know, but that was what I said."

"I accept the correction, my dear, but what does it lead to?"

"Why this: if I had been sure he was a gentleman I would have spoken, because I should have been understood; but what if he had not been a gentleman? When I had told him the train, the next thing would have been to tell him the way—the way I was going myself in fact—and his inference——"

She would have left her sentence unfinished even if Mr. Brail had not interrupted her.

"There—that is just what I mean. You thought you would be misjudged. Well, what matter? you should not have thought of opinions, you should have thought of consequences. Your mind was full of femininity, when you should have thought, here are two human beings, and one of them can help the other. A woman should remember after all that a man is a fellow-creature, and be ready to help him a little—even unconventionally."

"I don't quite know what you mean by unconventional, there are so many degrees of queerness."

"Goon. If I could see your face I should know exactly what you meant to say. I almost know from your voice."

"Well, I know I should never do anything I thought wrong," (she said this with the most easy frankness imaginable, as if such knowledge were a very common thing, and quite certain not to be mistaken); "at least, I think I know that, but I should not mind doing anything strange or unusual if it were for a good purpose, to please you, for instance."

"Thank you. Do you know Mr. Earne—Stanway Earne?"

"No; except from the newspapers."

"I painted his portrait."

"Then I should like to know him, because you only paint nice people."

"You know what some people say," he said with a half-sad smile, "that I only paint unfortunate people."

"It was fortunate that you painted me," she said pleasantly, "for I should never have known you else."

"I've seen a good deal of Earne ever since I painted him, and that was nine years ago—just before he went in for politics—and he has never been unfortunate that I know of until now."

"What has happened to him now?"

"The friend he trusted most has betrayed him."

"Oh!" she exclaimed with painfully intense sympathy.

"Well, the girl to whom he was engaged has jilted him. Does it sound better or worse that way?"

"It sounds very bad either way."

"Very bad! that is what one says of the toothache, 'very bad.' It is fatal!"

"Fatal?"

"Yes, it is killing Stanway Earne."

"Impossible! men don't die of love!"

"Not in the ordinary way, of course; there will be no funeral; his friends won't go in mourning, his heir won't rejoice, but the Stanway Earne that might have been—that God really meant to be—is dying!"

"Oh, but that needn't be."

"No, but it is. You say you know him from the newspapers; then you know what all friends and foes alike knew of him—that he was that rara avis in modern politics—a politician with courtesy and a conscience; a clever, earnest, high-souled young man, giving his whole life to his country in the cause he deemed best. That was the living man—the dead one, the corpse that will not be buried, will be an idle, dissipated, hopeless cynic, with no purpose in his life and no faith in himself."

"This horribly sad."

"It is true, though. This girl's faithlessness has overthrown all his beliefs—he seems to care for nothing; he neglects his duties and shuns his friends; he is getting into trouble with his constituents. I can't enter into details, but he is going to the bad as fast as he can; he drinks—he never did that before—and I am afraid he is trying to forget his troubles in follies."

"He must be very weak."

"No—only very impressionable. Some men are like musical instruments that must give out some sound, and if God does not play on them the devil will. The devil has got hold of poor Earne just now, and is making very broken music."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Of course, or I should not tell you all this. You can do something—everything. This is a love trouble, and love must cure it. You can make him forget his unhappy first love in a happy second. You can make love to him distinctly, and I hope successfully. Well, how astonished you are looking! I can hear it in your silence."

"That would indeed be unusual."

"Certainly, but you can't say it would be wrong."

"It isn't likely I could make him care for me."

"You must chance that; your business is simply to try to make him."

"It would be so unwomanly."

"Of course, but it would save the life of that Stanway Earne I was speaking of."

She saw now what he had meant by his denunciation of female femininity.

"But he is a politician, and I don't agree with his politics."

"Look at it in this way—my way. I never understood politics, and I never could see that one party was better than the other, but a certain number of men manage by all pulling separate ways to get the state governed somehow. Now it is obvious, if wise and good men predominate it is well: if foolish and bad men, it is ill for the country. Now if you save Stan Earne, that is one good man more; if you don't, there is one good man less, and one bad one more. You see he counts double that way as they do in divisions. As to party, I can't see for the life of me what it matters which side a man works on; wherever he is he is bound to do his best."

"But Mr. Brail, you said he drank, and to marry a drunkard! Think of it."

"I have thought of it. My child, if you make this effort you are doing a very brave thing. If you succeed, you, a woman, may feel you have served your country in saving this man's life for her service, but if you fail your own life will be a sure ruin."

"And you ask me to do it. You, who love me!"

"I ask you because I love you, because I want you to do a noble and beautiful thing. Will you not save your brother unless you can do so without risk? Does the fireman think how he may be maimed or scarred or killed when he rushes into the fire to save a life? My child, don't think I don't know what a great thing I ask of you, but who so fit as you to do it?"

She knew what he meant, that she, having lost her own chance of happiness long ago, could safely take, as it were, her failed life in her hands and use it for this purpose.

The purpose looked grand and noble, as her eager, white-haired old friend described it, and, after all, why should not one as well as the other of two humanities—two immortalities as he phrased it—try to win love?

She stood considering, he reached out and took her hand.

"I will think of it," she said slowly.

At the moment the servant announced, "Mr. Earne, sir."

"Unfair," quickly murmured Serena, trying to draw her hand away. "I have not thought."

But Mr. Brail held her hand fast, a smile of good-natured triumph on his bright face.

"Here you are at last, Earne; we are going to have some breakfast and were waiting for you."

"We!"

At the plural pronoun Mr. Earne stopped short, and glanced suggestively at the door as it closed behind him.

"Oh, I didn't expect—I mean I told you I would come this morning, so I called on my way home."

Mr. Earne hesitated and spoke with such evident and painful embarrassment that Serena looked up quickly to see what was the matter.

The matter was very plain indeed. It was now quite half-past eleven in the morning, and Mr. Earne was in evening dress, in yesterday's evening dress.

His linen was crumpled and soiled, his hair disarranged, his eyes red-rimmed and sleepy.

He had the wretched and unmistakable look of a man who has not washed since yesterday's dinner-time, and there was a blackguardly blue shadow on his chin and lip.

It is appalling what tremendous advance a usually well-shaven beard can make in twenty-four hours.

To make the matter worse, when he so unexpectedly found himself in the presence of a person who could see and note his appearance, Mr. Earne was so overcome with shame as to be almost speechless.

It was fortunate that Mr. Brail, fearing lest Serena in consequence of their late

conversation should feel shy or awkward, talked for all three at first.

Presently, after he had introduced his guest, and appealed to Serena to pour out the tea, he thought it time to set the others talking.

"Miss Maulden is a young lady who puts on her prettiest bonnet to come to see a blind man," he said. "I am sure she looks very charming in all her bonnets, but I mention the fact because it is characteristic."

Mr. Earne had been shrinking back in a big chair with his eyes on the ground; now for the first time he raised them, and looked across at her, not to see the bonnet, but to implore her not to betray him, not to let it be known that he had taken advantage of his friend's blindness to appear before him in a state so plainly showing how the past night had been spent.

"I think Miss Maulden is right to put on that bonnet on every opportunity," he said with a hurried effort to be commonplace.

Serena was sorry for him; he had no more idea of the bonnet than he had of what he was saying, and the forced gaiety of his words contrasted very painfully with his sleepless eyes and intensely humiliated expression. Mr. Brail went on.

"Of course she always looks nice. Ah, what a while it is since I saw her, or you either for that matter! How is he looking, Serena?"

There was a pause. Serena felt herself turn scarlet.

Mr. Earne again raised his eyes to hers, this time with no request in them, only very bitter shame.

It flashed into Serena's mind that she was beginning to make love like a man indeed, since she began with a downright lie.

"Well?" said Mr. Brail.

"I think," began Serena, and stopped shortly.

Poor girl, she came up to her lie gallantly enough, but she couldn't get over it. Earne saw and told it himself.

"I don't think it is fair to beguile your friends into personal remarks, Mr. Brail. I fancy I am looking as well as I know how. I must go now. I only looked in in passing to see how you are getting on."

"No, stay; I like to have you loitering in my rooms. I know you are a busy man with important duties, social and political, exacting constituents, and endless business that I don't understand. So I like you to neglect all that and come here to amuse me; it makes me feel important."

Earne laughed.

"I have important duties, as you phrase it, this afternoon, some Bill about railways or drainage, that my dear Ledway constituents have gone mad over. I think I will come here and read Morris to you."

"Serena," said Mr. Brail gravely, "I should like to know what you think of that suggestion."

"I think it is very good-natured," she replied in the same tone, "but you know my thoughts don't matter. Opinions don't matter; we must consider consequences. Mr. Earne, I have been having a lesson on consequences this morning. If you don't attend to the Ledway Drainage Bill, when the hot weather comes scarlet fever will break out and all the good people in Ledway will probably die, and all the disagreeable people will probably recover. Or, to make the picture more touching ——"

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Earne, "there is no danger. It is a new harbor they want."

He felt deeply grateful to the girl who was shielding him so goodnaturedly.

"That is rather worse. Imagine a homeward bound ship, containing the long-looked-for father of a very large family, the consumptive daughter of an aged widow who had been a trip to the Cape, the young lawyer to whom the clergyman's eldest daughter is engaged, and all the sweethearts of all the Ledway milligirls. The ship is in full sail, a sudden wind rises, no time to take in sail. The vessel is dashed against the rocks and all on board perish, because you were here reading Morris when you should have been attending to the Ledway Harbor Bill."

Mr. Earne rose, with a laugh, natural and pleasant this time.

"I will go home this moment and get a few hours' sleep, and then it shan't be my fault, Miss Maulden, if the Ledwayites are not a little nearer towards getting their harbor this afternoon."

"Now, I should like to know," said Mr. Brail, "what a healthy, full-grown man means by wanting sleep at this hour of the day."

"Ah, if you were in the House representing Ledway you would know."

"I understand. How long is it, by the way, since you did represent Ledway in the House?"

Mr. Earne, whose one thought just then was to get out of the room as quickly as possible, did not at first quite catch the meaning of this, and answered absently.

"About three years."

"I shouldn't have thought it was quite so long," said Mr. Brail reflectively; "if you had said three weeks now."

"At any rate, if I am to go there this afternoon, I must leave you now."

"Then you may as well take Miss Maulden home with you. She is going too, and means to walk; it is only a step out of your way."

No suggestion could possibly have been more awkward.

Mr. Earne could not possibly have excused him, and Serena dared not offer to stay behind, lest she should betray him.

They submitted, said good-bye, and left the room together.

Mr. Earne's brougham was waiting for him outside. The coachman had, like his master, an unmistakable out-all-night expression, but did not look nearly so wan and dissipated.

If Mr. Earne had looked jaded and disreputable in the softened light of Mr. Brail's room, he looked and felt infinitely more so as he stood on the steps in the relentlessly clear full morning light.

He stood a moment, looking at Serena's sweet, bright face, so fresh and healthy, seeming all the fairer for the brilliant sunlight playing on it—longing to apologise for the necessity of leaving her in the street after promising to see her home—wondering if any apology would be adequate to the outrage of even appearing before her in such a state: then he did what was probably the very best thing under the circumstances; he simply raised his hat without speaking, bolted down the steps into his brougham, and shut himself in out of sight.

Serena walked home by herself, thinking that this silent penitence had been very eloquent, half resolved already to undertake the task her old friend had set her.

* * * * * *

"I don't think it is exactly manly," said Serena.

"Oh, but it is, my dear. A different but hopeful lover would naturally confide the ups and downs of his courtship to a friend, and I want to hear the latest. Did you go to the picture gallery?"

"Yes," said Serena. "I went when you told me. I was there when he came."

"What did you say?"

"I said I had come to see the pictures because you had told me so much about them, and he said he had come because you asked him to make notes for your benefit. We made notes together. I think when you hear them you will find they are a good deal more my notes than his."

"That is very good."

"But I have done better. I made him take a very long walk with me. I don't know, but I did it. I think I looked surprised when he was not going to do so."

"That's the best way. Don't seem as if you wanted, but as if you expected attention. I believe the strongest and most long-lived instinct in that kind of a man is the habit of courtesy, the instinct of a gentleman; people will do things involuntarily, and without noticing what they are doing—which they certainly could not do if asked. I remember the case of a man, who, in a fit of anger, but accidentally, had almost killed his dearest friend—indeed, for some time it could not be known whether he had not quite killed him. Well, this man was in a wild state of remorse and horror, and would not leave his friend's bedside. He would take neither food, nor drink, nor rest. His wife begged him with tears to take rest for her sake. His mother tried to force him to eat; but no—he declared he would neither eat, nor drink, nor rest until he knew if his friend would live. At last he got himself into such a state that the doctor feared for his brain, and said he must be made to sleep somehow, even if it were by means of an opiate. But how to administer the opiate, when he would not even take food? At last a young lady staying in the house, almost a stranger to the poor fellow, made them disguise the opiate in a cup of coffee, and took it up to him. Being a stranger, of course she did not entreat like his wife and mother; she simply stood waiting, and he took the cup from her, and drank the coffee mechanically, because it was more natural to him than to keep a lady standing. Yes, there is nothing like trusting to these instincts. You must look as if you expected to be taken home to-day."

"Yes; I knew he would tell you, so I wrote and asked him to come to-day instead. He will think you came to-day without being asked, and with the idea that he was not coming."

"Oh!" exclaimed Serena. "Let us keep our motive in sight; our means are a little vulgar."

"Serena," said the old man eagerly, "you are blushing. I heard you blushing. My dear, don't I think of the motive all the time? You have done much good already. Earne is getting more like himself every day, as regards steadiness. I am afraid it is all up with his constituents though. You see they are slow people over there, and they are only just beginning to know all about his falling into evil ways; they won't hear about his pulling himself up—his relapse into virtue—until too late, if you don't manage a little quicker.

"Oh don't! it makes me so ashamed."

"You mustn't be ashamed, you must be glad. I am glad, for I begin to be sure my dear friend will be saved."

"I hope indeed he will be," said Serena. "You don't know what it will be to me, having tried this thing, if I fail. You don't know what it costs me. You know what I have done, how I have gone out of my way to meet him, and when I see him I study every word I say that it may please him. I think of little pleasant speeches to make him feel at ease and satisfied with himself. I ask him to explain things I know just as well as he does, to keep him amused. Oh! it should be a good motive to excuse all this hypocrisy."

Mr. Brail refrained from the cynical remark that many women did all that and more from entirely selfish motives, because he feared it might make Serena give up her task in disgust if he even suggested a parallel between her and such girls, and because his acute hearing detected something unusual in her voice.

"Serena," he asked presently, "something has happened?"

"Yes," she said.

"What is it, my dear?"

"You remember—years ago—my—my—the person I was engaged to. I heard this morning that he is dead."

"Oh my dear child, what a blow to you!"

"No, it wasn't a blow at all, that is what is so sad. I don't care at all, not at all, and yet years ago he was so much to me. Is it because I have outgrown feeling that I don't care at all?"

"Your voice sounds as if you cared."

"Does it? That is perhaps because I am thinking of years ago and how miserable I was then. I think I am sorry that I cannot be miserable now, I feel so heartless."

"I think I shall let you go home, Serena, before Earne comes," said Mr. Brail suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CARE OF CANARIES.—In the first place, do not use a painted cage. The birds will peck the wires, more or less, and the paint is very injurious, often fatal, to them: so is tobacco smoke. A bird kept in a room where the odor of a cigar is allowed is not only subjected to great discomfort, but its life is endangered.

The larger the cage the better for the birds; and if not new, it should be scalded and well dried before putting them into it. This precaution is necessary to avoid mites, which prey upon the birds, and are sure to infest the nest, unless great care is taken. The cage should be thoroughly cleaned every morning.

The easiest way to do this is to place a piece of brown paper (not newspaper, for they often peck it) on the drawer of the cage, changing it every morning. The perches should not be forgotten, but drawn out, washed, and returned, one at a time, though this can hardly be done while there are eggs in the nest. At that time care must be taken to avoid jarring the cage, as it disturbs the eggs; but it should be kept as clean as possible.

The drinking-cup and bathing-dish should be well washed, ad filled with fresh water every morning, (in warm weather it should be changed oftener,) and the seed-cup replenished. Canary seed, principally, should be given; but a little rape seed every day is beneficial, and bruised hemp seed in about the proportion of one-third (all hemp seed is too hearty and heating) is good, particularly when laying and brooding.

The seeds must be fresh and dry. A piece of cuttle-fish bone is always needed. It should be put into the upper part of the cage, as it is thus kept clean and dry. A lump of sugar, occasionally, may do no harm; but as a general rule, avoid sweets, and keep birds, like children, on plain food.

Lettuce, plantain-seeds and leaves, chickweed, are all good, if fresh, and the birds are very fond of them. Fruit, perfectly ripe and fresh, does good rather than harm. At the time of laying and sitting, also while bringing up the young, the birds require richer food than usual.

An egg, boiled hard, (not the yolk alone—it is too heating,) pounded with biscuit or bread, about half and half, should be given daily; and the earlier the better, especially after the young are hatched, as the parents feed them from this and the green food provided for them. The egg and biscuit cannot be safely neglected. About a fortnight is the time of incubation. Do not stimulate your bird too much to sit, for she will be apt to go beyond her strength, and lose her own life by raising too many broods. Two or three broods a year are quite enough. It is a mistake to separate the pair while the female is sitting, or at any time, unless, which is very rare, the male pecks the young.

Guard your birds from draughts, from exposure to cold at night, and also from too much heat. Bear in mind that their part of the room, when the weather is cold enough for a fire, is warmer than yours, as the heated air ascends. During cold nights the cage should be covered, unless the fire is kept in all night.

Always beware of a cat. She should never be allowed in the same room. She has been known to pull a bird between the cage-wire, not leaving even a single feather.

Avoid frightening your birds. It is very easy to have them know and love you, and welcome your coming; but they do not like to be handled.

All the suggestions now offered have borne the test of long experience.

Time and care are required to keep birds well and happy in a cage. If we have not time to take good care of them, we ought not to have them.

FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, M.D., Professor of Clinical Medicine at University College Hospital, London, England, says: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, and no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity." All the diseases to which the kidneys are subject and to which they give rise can be prevented if treated in time." Warner's Safe Cure is the only recognized specific. R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean, and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College; Editor of "Medical Tribune;" Author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygeaic and Domestic Medicine," says: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure."

Scientific and Useful.

A SELF POURING TEA-POT.—A new tea-pot, or coffe-pot, as the case may be is caused to pour out a cup of the beverage by pressing a knob. The lid is in the form of a cylinder, which is raised up, and by a hole in the knob takes in air, that is prevented from escaping by closing the hole with the finger. On pressing the knob downwards, the pneumatic pressure forces the tea out of the spout.

EYES OF DEAD ANIMALS.—The statement so often made that the eye of a dead animal has impressed upon it the image of the object last seen in life has been seriously investigated in Germany. Stories have frequently been told of the discovery of murderers by means of such an impression upon the eyes of murdered men. The careful examination, however, of over thirty animals which were killed for the purposes of the experiment failed to disclose a single fact to warrant the statement.

CINDERS OR DUST IN THE EYE.—If you get a cinder or particle of dust in your eye, do not rub that one, but the other one. Rubbing the injured eye, as a rule, fails to remove the foreign body, but is very successful in setting up inflammation. Rub the uninjured eye very vigorously, however, and the cinder or particle of dust will very soon come out of its own accord. This remedy is said never to fail, unless the intruder is as sharp as a piece of steel, or cuts into the ball of the eye, necessitating an operation to insure removal.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GLASS.—The great fault of glass is its fragility and the "tough" varieties of it have not been quite successful. A substitute for this useful material in windows and roofs has been recently introduced. It is pliant like leather, but translucent and of an amber tint. The material consists of iron wire netting enclosed in a varnish, of which the base is linseed oil. It is made in sheets ten feet by four feet, thus rendering joints rare. It can be cut with scissors, and no glazier is required to fix it, nails being employed. The material makes a cool awning in summer, as the sun's heat is said to pass through it with difficulty.

Farm and Garden.

FRUIT.—At this season all fruit trees will be benefited by a wash of some kind. A gallon of strong soap suds, to which a teaspoonful of carbolic acid is added, is excellent. Scrub the bark well and apply the wash liberally.

EXPERIMENT.—Every farmer should try to have an experiment plot of his own. The information gained of a practical kind will be invaluable. If every farmer in the United States could be induced to try a few experiments annually agriculture would make more rapid progress than any other branch of industry.

WEEDS.—Every weed that sprouts is one seed less to come up. If the weed is cut down it is destroyed. By constantly cutting them down the most obstinate field of weeds can be destroyed. It requires work and time to do so, but there will be less work to perform after the field is cleaned of the weeds another season.

YOUNG TREES.—The high winds shake young trees severely, and if the ground is very wet are liable to be blown over. A stake should be used for holding young trees until the trees become firmly rooted. Never allow fresh manure to come in contact with the roots of young trees that are being planted. Chip dust, wood ashes or broken bones may be placed in the hole and the top soil thrown in, but no fermenting material.

HORSES.—The following is given as a preventive of horses being teased by flies: —Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle and let it boil for half an hour. When cold, it is fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared with the liquor.

FARMS.—Never rent a farm if you can own one. The man who rents a farm must necessarily add much to the farm from which he cannot derive any benefit. If he attempts to crop a rented farm without doing justice to the land he will suffer a loss as well as the owner. There are many improvements of the soil from which the owner receives the benefit, in the course of time, at the expense of the renter. All farms should be rented by mutual agreement, and all conditions plainly stipulated.

T. GRANGER STUART, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes: "Acute bronchitis is common especially in the advanced stages of Bright's disease, and tends to pass into the chronic state. Phthisis (consumption) in its various forms is found occasionally associated with these renal (kidney) affections. It usually proves fatal while the renal malady is yet in its early stage." It thus becomes evident that consumption and bronchitis are intimately associated with kidney disease and Warner's Safe Cure should be taken early in the disease to prevent the damaging influence the kidney malady exerts upon the respiratory organs.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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"The Handy Binder."

As many of our readers no doubt preserve THE POST, and as many more would like to if they had a convenient means of doing so, we call the attention to "The Handy Binder," advertised in another column. This is one of the best contrivances ever invented for binding purposes, and is as cheap as it is handy and useful.

The Knowledge of Self.

Of all branches of knowledge, the knowledge of ourselves and of our sins is that which is most neglected.

In all other sciences, knowledge flatters our vanity, raises us in the eyes of our neighbors, increases our influence in society; but a searching inquiry into the state of our heart wounds our pride and lowers us in our own esteem.

Hence it is that we meet continually with persons possessed of great shrewdness and sagacity in all other matters, who are most lamentably ignorant of themselves.

Many have attained an extraordinary knowledge of mankind in general, and can discern at once the weak points of every neighbor, but are pitiably blind to every one of their own infirmities. It is amusing to observe, that of all the persons within the circle of their acquaintanceship, they are perhaps the only parties to whom their own failings are unknown.

There are individuals, skilled in all other science, utterly ignorant of this; capable of calculating the motions of the heavenly bodies, and yet knowing nothing of the movements of their own hearts; of predicting the eclipses of the sun and planets, but unacquainted with the dark spots on their own characters; of decomposing the material substances around them, but not of analyzing the motives by which they are swayed.

Many, we suspect, pass from the cradle to the grave under the influence of divers views, feelings, impulses and passions; but without once stopping to inquire what is their character or state in relation to their true destiny in life.

Rather than confess the danger by casting out their sounding lines and measuring the depths, they permit themselves to drift along they know not whither, till at last death, like the cry of "Breakers ahead!" awakes them from their lethargy, but only to show them stranded as a wreck on the shores of eternity.

This shrinking from inspection—this unwillingness on the part of the human heart to submit to examination—this trembling and shaking, and studious concealment—all are indicative of conscious guilt.

The party would not be so disciplined to look into his accounts were he not afraid to discover losses, debt and probable bankruptcy. The limb would not so shrink were there not disease preying upon it.

Suppose (and in a commercial country like this the supposition has not been unfrequently realized) that the chief agent in some great speculation is a man who, though most untrustworthy, has all the art of conciliating trust. Suppose him to be fluent, fair spoken, prepossessing in manners and appearance, and to be especially plausible in glossing over a financial difficulty.

Advance one more step in the hypothesis and suppose him to be a private friend of many of those who are embarked with him in the speculation; allied to some of them by marriage, and more or less in habits of intimacy with all.

If such a person is at the head of affairs, and intrusted with the administration of the funds contributed by all, it is evident that he might impose upon the contributors to almost any extent.

His artful representations would quiet their little panics, when such arose; and he would have it in his power to keep them still while embezzling their resources, until the great crash comes, which announces to many of them, as with a clap of thunder, that they are bankrupts.

Now the peril of such trust in worldly matters supplies a very fair image of the peril of a still more foolish and groundless trust in spiritual things. Our hearts are notoriously most untrustworthy informants in any case where we are ourselves interested.

But while our hearts are thus, by our own confession, untrustworthy, there is no one in whose assertions we habitually place more trust. We think we cannot be deceived respecting ourselves; we know, at all events, our own motives and intentions, if we know anything.

The unkind, the insincere, the ungenerous, the ungrateful, never, we think, had any affinity with our nature.

Faults there may have been, no doubt, in our temper and in our conduct (feelings and transactions, too), for which we feel that we must account; but we have our own heart to manage and superintend the account; and it soothes us with the assurance that we never had any very bad intentions, and so the whole affair will turn out in the end. We need not fear the ultimate exposure. Self love conspires with trust in our own hearts to make dupes of us as regards our spiritual account.

Proverbially, and in the verdict of all experience, love is blind; and if love be blind, self-love being the strongest, the most subtle, the most changeless, the most ineradicable of all loves, is blinder still. Self love will not see, as self trust cannot see, anything against us.

Men are not willing to have the light shine into the darkness of their soul. They love darkness rather than light, not in respect to the great round of vices and crimes, perhaps, but in respect to the minor faults to which they themselves are addicted.

Men do not like to be convicted of vanity, cowardice, selfishness, deceitfulness. And yet a man who is in earnest, and seeks for life eternal, and whose soul is set on true manhood, must be willing to know the truth and the worst about himself.

THE first conviction that there is death in the house is, perhaps, the most awful moment of youth. When we are young, we think that not only ourselves, but that all about us, are immortal. Until the arrow has struck a victim round our own hearth, death is merely an unmeaning word; until then, its casual mention has started no idea upon our brain. There are few, even among those most susceptible of thought and emotion, in whose hearts and minds the first death in the family does not act as a very powerful revelation of the mysteries of life, and of their own being. There are few who, after such a catastrophe, do not look upon the world and the world's ways, at least for a time, with changed and tempered feelings. It recalls the past, it makes us ponder over the future; and youth, gay and light-hearted, is taught, for the first time, to regret and to fear.

DIFFICULTIES are things that show what men are. In case of any difficulty remember that God, like a gymnastic trainer, has pitted you against a rough antagonist. For what end? That you may be an Olympic conqueror, and this cannot be without toil.

OUR judgments of ourselves are prejudiced: We make out as favorable a case for ourselves as we can; we bring out all the extenuating circumstances, and plead our own case with the greatest ingenuity. But our dealings with others are very different. We exhort them freely, we admonish them severely, we condemn them without mercy. This is our natural impulse, and it is one of the many things the Christian has to unlearn. His first business is to condemn himself. "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." He learns to set the highest standard for himself, but to make every allowance for others.

THE earth flourishes, or is overrun with noxious weeds and brambles, as we apply or withhold the cultivating hand. So fares it with the intellectual system of man. If you are a parent, then consider that the good or ill dispositions and principles you please to cultivate in the mind of your infant may hereafter preserve a nation in prosperity, or hang its fate on the point of the sword.

VIRTUE, without the graces, is like a rich diamond unpolished: It hardly looks better than a common pebble; but when the hand of the master rubs off the roughness, and forms the sides into a thousand brilliant surfaces, it is then that we acknowledge its worth, admire its beauty, and long to wear it in our bosoms.

WHATEVER expands the affections, or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relation to the universe, and all that it inherits in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent Cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature, and elevate us in the scale of being.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a paternal guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, as he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

DIFFIDENCE may check resolution and obstruct performance, but compensates its embarrassments by more important advantages. It conciliates the proud, and softens the severe; averts envy from excellence, and censure from miscarriage.

NOW it was well said, whoever said it: "That he who hath the loan of money has not repaid it, and he who repaid has not the loan; but he who has acknowledged a kindness has it still, and he who has a feeling of it has requited it."

WE all know that a wilful lie needs no other grounds than the invention of the liar; and to take for granted as truth all that is alleged against the fame of others is a species of credulity that men would blush at on any other subject.

WHAT is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects. A mere notice of the necessity for exertion; a bugbear to children and fools; only a mere stimulus to men.

OUR energy is in proportion to the resistance it meets. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter; we can persevere in nothing great but from a pride in overcoming them.

IT is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, with fruit-trees and grains, it produces briers and pines. It is the same with man; if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious.

A SUDDEN lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon truth; but, by a carefully constructed equivocation, truth always is, with malice aforethought, deliberately murdered.

NOTHING is so pregnant as cruelty. Each of her experiments provokes another and refines upon the last; though always progressive, yet always remote from the end.

HE that preaches gratitude pleads the cause both of God and men; for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious.

The World's Happenings.

Grover Cleveland is a policeman at Lemhi, Idaho.

A Flint, Mich., printer has worked at the case for 70 years.

The zouave uniform is to be abandoned in the French army.

Nearly 37,000,000 babies are born in this world every year.

Firemen, in Springfield, Mo., fill in idle time sprinkling the streets.

Entomologists say that there are more than 100,000 varieties of butterflies.

A New York beef exporting firm has 300 retail meat shops in Great Britain.

It is stated that 1000 of the 1800 prisoners in the Missouri Penitentiary are under 20 years of age.

There are 1300 persons of the name of Smith employed in the United States postal service.

An undertaker in East Coventry, Pa., has buried no less than 1000 persons during the past 40 years.

One of the latest inventions is a three-cornered steel nail that will drive easily and will not split the wood.

A Mrs. Wiant, of Mad River township, Ohio, retired with good sight and awoke next morning totally blind.

A London paper thinks that telephones are more generally used in Sweden than anywhere else in the world.

In Nebraska, on the first Arbor day, 17 years ago, 12,000,000 saplings were planted, and that State now has 605,000,000 thrifty trees.

The regular income of John D. Rockefeller is $30,000,000 a year, which makes him the richest man in the United States, perhaps in the world.

A fisherman who pulled twelve miles out into Lake Ontario to rescue a man who had floated off on a cake of ice, was rewarded with half a dollar.

A 3 year old child, while being carried by its aunt in New York City, was hit and instantly killed by a bullet aimed at a target by a practicing marksman.

But one member of the Bridgeport, Ct., suicide Club is left alive. This antic club was organized by four fools three years ago, and three of them have killed themselves.

There are several deer farms in Lowndes county, Ga., where venison is raised for market. It is said that it costs no more to raise venison than turkey, and that it pays handsomely.

A man in New York makes his living by cutting electric light wires at fires. He is employed by the Brush Electric Light Company, and has attended 2000 fires within the past five years.

The vital statistics of New Hampshire, just published, show that in 1882 there was 1 divorce to every 12.5 marriages; in 1884, 1 to 10.4; in 1886, 1 to 10.2; in 1888, 1 to 6.3, and in 1887, 1 to 10.7.

The list of deaths from excessive cigarette smoking continues to be swelled. The last name added was that of Willie F. Welch, aged 12, who died in Portland, Maine, a few days ago.

A Western judge in refusing a divorce recently to a man, who asked for it on account of his wife's bad temper, remarked that it had taken him too long to find out the fault. He had been married half a century.

Since the purchase of Alaska it can be said of the United States what has been said of England—that the sun never sets on her dominions. At sunset in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Maine.

A considerate suicide in New Hampshire, so that there would be no time wasted grappling for his body, before jumping into the water tied one end of a rope around his waist and the other to a trunk of a tree on the bank.

In Lenoir, N. C., a child, Hattie Rainey, saved a small railroad bridge from destruction. She discovered it ablaze, and carried water in her felt hat from the stream below, making several trips before the flames were extinguished.

Five young squirrels were found in the woods by an Indiana farmer, who took them home, where he placed them in care of the family cat. The latter, it appears, at once adopted them, and now the squirrels are deeply attached to her.

Several Windsor Locks, Conn., residents, who forwarded $1 each for a "music box," advertised "as capable of playing 22 tunes," received a large package, on which 60 cents express was charged, containing three five-cent harmonicas.

There is a cob pipe factory located at Sedan, Mo., which is doing a rushing business. The factory pays at the rate of 1¼ cents for 1¼-inch cobs and 1½ cents for 1½ inch cobs. A man hauled a load the other day of 1½ inch cobs which brought him $61. The time may yet come when the people will raise wheat for the chaff.

South Norwalk, Conn., has a man who does business after the boomers' fashion. He moved, with his family, into a house, having found the key hanging on a door, where it was left by somebody who had been examining the premises, and lived there for several months before the owner became aware that he had a tenant.

An ingenious Maine farmer, vowing death to foxes, placed a carcass near his barn and then connected it by a wire under the snow with a bell in his bed-room. A fox could not do vigorous work on any piece of the meat without ringing the bell, whereat the farmer would get up and shoot Mr. Fox. He killed 25 foxes by the device during the winter.

A game of base ball at Long Branch was suddenly terminated one day recently by the centre-fielder, in fielding a ball, falling head foremost into a nest of 32 garter snakes. He picked himself up, but again sank to the ground almost prostrated by fright, and it was fully half an hour before he recovered sufficiently to walk. His companions, with their bats, succeeded in killing 26 of the ugly reptiles, some of which measured three feet in length.

"I AM COMING."

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Ah! you say that you "are coming
To claim your truest heart,"
That has flown beyond your keeping, I
Cleft in twain by Cupid's dart.

The carrier dove swift seeks its home,
Tho' many miles apart;
And thus, you reck no more to roam,
But bid your fears depart.

"I'm coming, sure as Fate," you say,
"With heart aglow with love."
Well, there's a warm nest for your heart
From whence it ne'er need rove.

A pure, true heart—a twin to thine—
'Tis tender, loving, kind—
Waits yearningly to welcome yours—
If it don't change its mind!

Lady Trevelyan.

BY S. M. W.

ALONG a country road a young man was walking one summer night—or rather one summer morning, for it was some time after midnight.

The road stretched in a long white line before him; the sky was clear and dark overhead. The moon rode triumphantly in the cloudless heavens. The dark shadows of the trees which bordered the roadside lay clearly defined, but not a breath of air stirred the branches or fanned the cheek of the pedestrian. The night was deliciously warm and mysteriously quiet; nothing but the sound of his own footsteps broke the stillness.

He was in evening dress and wore a light overcoat, which was flung open. He was whistling softly, and pursued his way with a light-heartedness only faintly tempered by the loneliness and solemnity which surrounded him.

The air of the last new waltz was sufficiently sentimental to sound quite in harmony with the scene, and probably the young man's thoughts were not especially prosaic. He had just left a dance, and visions of slender, white-robed figures floated before his mental vision still.

He was by no means satiated with the delights of society; and the exertion of tramping the four miles of country road which lay between his friend's house and his night's lodging seemed a small price to pay for the evening he had enjoyed.

He was hardly thinking; vague, pleasant meanderings of fancy were going on in his mind; when suddenly he became aware that he was no longer alone on the road. A slim figure, dressed in black or dark colors, had come in sight, and was rapidly approaching him. A woman, and alone—at such a time!

Jack Barret stopped in surprise, with his eye on the advancing figure. Her head was bent, as though she was looking on the ground, and she appeared to be running on almost blindly.

Close to him she raised her head and stopped with a cry of terror as she saw his motionless figure. He noticed then that she was practically bare-headed. Her hat had fallen back, and her hair rose in dusky masses from a pale face, lighted up by her large, frightened eyes.

Jack was a kindly young fellow. That cry of terror went to his heart, and he hastened to say, reassuringly, hardly pausing to weigh his words: "Pray don't be frightened. There is nothing to harm you. Are you in trouble?"

The woman—she was evidently a lady—gave a little gasp, seemed about to speak, and then, to Jack's unutterable dismay, suddenly sank down at his feet, as though she were lifeless.

In another moment he had raised her and carried her to the bank near the roadside. Then he looked hopelessly round for help, knowing that there was not the faintest probability of any being at hand. He knew the road well; it was a mile to the nearest house, and there was little chance of anyone passing at that hour.

The stranger, in the meantime, lay with her head on his arm, utterly unconscious. Jack looked at her with a growing feeling of surprise. Her dress—of dark, soft material—was elegant in style; her left hand was gloved, and her right, which was bare was white and delicate, and decorated with costly rings.

The dark hair, which nearly touched his cheek, was artistically arranged. Her face was pale, her complexion delicate and clear, and her features were exquisitely pretty.

Jack was not only kind-hearted, but singularly innocent of evil. He was disposed to think ill of no one; least of all of a beautiful young girl.

He had not a wide or intimate acquaintance with the opposite sex, but he had a mother whom he adored, and all women, as yet, for him, were surrounded by a halo of purity and goodness.

Yet it must be confessed that strange surmises passed rapidly through his mind as he gazed at the pale, unconscious face of his companion.

There was a singular fascination in his situation, unusual and even alarming as it was. Though he became every moment more anxious to see her open her eyes, he felt a strong reluctance to any change from their position.

A soft thrill ran through him as he almost unconsciously drew his arm more tightly round the slender figure, and bent nearer and nearer to her face.

He started back with a feeling of disgust at himself as he became aware that his lips were hovering over—almost touching—the lips of his companion. He sprang to his feet, letting his burden sink somewhat suddenly on to the bank. What had happened to him? And what must he do?

A movement on the part of the stranger startled him. She was raising her hand in a vague way to her head, and as he again knelt down by her he saw that her eyes were open.

"Are you better?" he asked eagerly

A terrified start was his answer. She raised herself to a sitting posture, looked wildly along the quiet, moonlit road, then at the young man who knelt near her, and with a shuddering sigh let her head droop upon her breast.

"Pray don't—don't be frightened! I will do anything you ask me—will help you in any way I can," cried Jack earnestly.

She looked at him again more quietly. "Who are you?" she asked in a somewhat faint voice.

"My name is Jack Barret," he began hurriedly. "I am staying about a mile from here, at a farm just beyond Sir Robert Trevelyan's."

Again he thought his companion started.

"What are you doing here?" she continued.

He had already lost his head so much that it did not occur to him that her presence required more explanation than his, and he hastened to explain that he was merely returning from a dance, with the most innocent intentions in the world.

The beautiful stranger rose to her feet and stood hesitating and silent.

"Can I not help you in any way?" asked Jack humbly.

"Oh, can I trust you?" murmured the girl, as though to herself, and looking around with the same helpless, frightened air as before.

"Yes," said Jack, simply.

"Then listen. I want to go to a station where they won't know me. Rowick will not do," she added, seeing he was going to propose something.

Jack meditated. "I don't know this neighborhood well," he began regretfully.

"Neither do I," she said, with a sigh.

"But there is a quiet little station five miles off. I could find the way, if you can walk so far."

"Yes, I can walk; but you? I cannot take you so far out of your way at this hour."

"I only ask for permission to go with you," he said.

There was a minute's silence. She drew nearer to him and looked steadily in his face. He did not flinch, and at last, drawing a deep breath, she said:

"I am going to trust you. But you must make me a promise. You are to ask me no questions of any sort; you must leave me at the station directly we reach it; and you must never—never—tell anyone of this meeting."

Jack was perfectly aware that such promises as he was asked for were exceedingly rash. He did not know to what they might bind him, but he hardly hesitated for a moment before he gave his answer.

"I promise," he said hoarsely.

She nodded gravely, readjusted her hat, and murmured, as she looked at her hand "I have lost my glove."

"You are faint yet; you must lean on me," murmured Jack quickly, catching her hand and drawing it through his arm.

She submitted, and they turned into a field path to begin their journey.

It was a strange walk, begun in the moonlight and ended in the grey dawn. The stillness of death seemed to reign at first in the fields and roads along which they walked.

And then as the dawn broke, there began to be those rustlings which tell that Nature is awaking. But no sign or sound of human beings disturbed them.

At first they were silent, but before long a conversation began which lasted till they parted. What were the subjects they spoke of?

Jack tried to remember afterwards, somewhat vainly. Personal subjects had to be avoided, for he was to know nothing about her. And yet they talked of themselves—of their thoughts, tastes, feelings, beliefs.

They wandered into worlds of speculation, and her soft voice charmed him into agreement even where he at first differed. Perhaps he would oppose her at first, and then he felt her little hand against his side, and looked into her face lit up by her starry eyes and surrounded by her dusky hair, and yielded any point in dispute.

At last the journey was over, and the little station in sight. It was empty, and probably the waiting-room and booking-office would be closed. The girl stopped decidedly. "We must part here," she said.

Jack held her hand more tightly, and looked despairingly into her face.

"I can't," he muttered.

"Remember your promise."

He dropped he hand, and began to turn away.

"Oh, don't go like that," she cried winningly. "You must let me say good bye. You must let me thank you. You have been so good! Can I do nothing in return?"

He had turned instantly at her call, and stood before her. There was no one to be seen in the cold morning light. They stood at the little wooden gate which admitted to the station—alone in the world. Her lovely violet eyes looked pleadingly into his face.

"I know you will never betray me," she said, "whatever may be the consequences. But I fear there may possibly be a chance that you may suffer—I mean mentally—by keeping your promise to me. I wish I could offer you any return."

Jack came nearer; a crimson flush covered his face.

"You can," he said abruptly.

"What can I do?"

The flush deepened; his eyes dropped for an instant, but he raised them again defiantly as he answered: "You can let me kiss you."

"Oh!" She retreated a step as this exclamation broke from her lips, and looked imploringly at him.

"I know what you mean," he burst out; "you thought I was a gentleman. Well, I thought so, too. I tried not to say it, but I couldn't help it. I'm ashamed of myself. But I have a right to something—not for what I've done for you; that's nothing—but to be some comfort in the future, if it's to be without you!"

He stopped and looked at her steadily. Her head drooped. "Yes, you have a right to something—to anything I can give you—to that certainly, if you ask it. Do you ask it?"

Jack hesitated—tried to say "no," but the sight of the lovely face raised to his with quivering lips and radiant eyes conquered his resolution.

"Yes," he said defiantly. "I shall hate myself all my life for it, but—I do ask it."

"Then," she said faintly, "I agree." And with her eyes swimming in tears, she held out her hand. He seized it, and drew her towards him. She looked up at him, and he paused. "Oh," she whispered imploringly, "don't, don't—humiliate me so!"

Jack grew terribly pale, but he set his teeth, dropped her hand once more, and said slowly: "Forgive me—and say good-bye."

She dashed the tears away, and gazed at him in silent surprise.

"Have some pity on me," he added, turning his eyes away; "tell me when I shall see you again."

She began to tremble wildly. "Oh, I don't know, I don't know," she murmured wildly. "I dare not think you ever will. But I bless you and thank you. I shall never forget you."

She took his hand and pressed it in her own. "Good-bye," she whispered. "What a happy woman your wife will be!"

She suddenly put her quivering lips to his hand, dropped it, and passed rapidly through the little gate into the station. Jack took a step after her, but stopped himself; he covered his eyes with his hand and when he looked up again she had disappeared. He turned away, and set his face towards his former destination.

It was between four and five o'clock when Jack reached the farm where he was spending his vacation—to read. His next Term at Cambridge would be his last, and he had solemnly devoted the long summer months to work.

With this object he had chosen a quiet country place, where he would have no distractions, as he thought. He had, however, been discovered by a college friend who lived about four miles away from his farm, and from whose house he was returning when he met with the adventure just recorded.

As he had said, he did not know the neighborhood well; the Morrisons were his only acquaintances; he knew few people even by name.

Sir Robert Trevelyan, whose house he had mentioned as being near his destination, was an important land owner, and landlord of his host, but he knew little of him, and had never seen him.

He passed his lodge gates as he walked home, but without noticing them. His mind was full of other things, and when he had undressed, he lay sleepless in his bed, gazing at the ceiling, and thinking over every detail of his adventure.

Who was she? And when should he see her again? The last question was the one which recurred most frequently, for the most vivid sensation of which he was aware was a burning desire, an unutterable longing to look upon that beautiful face, and hear that soft voice once more.

Jack had never been in love before. He did not ask himself if he were in that condition now—he was, indeed, too far gone to consider the question.

At one moment he would rage at himself for daring to insult the beautiful stranger by asking for that kiss, and then again he would despise himself for foregoing it!

But he finally gave up all attempt to sleep, and rose about seven o'clock, with a vague thought of returning to the station to which he had taken her, and making inquiries about where she had gone to. This would really be breaking his promise, but he felt some step was absolutely necessary.

He wandered disconsolately into his sitting room, and sat waiting for his breakfast, which generally appeared five minutes after he did.

But this morning he waited in vain. He heard a great deal of talking in the farm kitchen, which was just opposite his "parlor," and could not help the idea that something unusual had happened.

This did not occur to him for some time, so absorbed was he in his own thoughts. But the desire to be doing something at last moved him to cross the passage and look into the kitchen.

There he saw a wonderful sight. Mrs. Scott, the farmer's usually busy wife, sitting with her arms in her lap, absolutely unemployed, while two of her servants stood equally idle near. Mr. Scott leant against the table, with an air of immense importance and solemnity.

Mrs. Scott started violently as Jack appeared. "Eh, sir, but you startled me," she cried.

"Why should I startle you?" asked Jack rather impatiently. "And why don't you bring me my breakfast?"

Mrs. Scott shook her head solemnly. "Don't talk about breakfast, sir," she said.

Jack looked at the farmer. "What is the matter? Are you in any trouble?" he asked.

Mr. Scott slowly gathered himself together to reply, but he was forestalled by his wife.

"There are others besides us in trouble," declared the good woman solemnly. "A dreadful thing has happened, sir; a dreadful deed has been done."

She paused as though to give weight to her words. Jack was rather amused at this theatrical beginning, and did not attach much importance to her solemnity.

"Is it anything to do with the poultry?" he asked, not unnaturally, for Mrs Scott had looked almost as grave when a chicken had been stolen.

"Oh, Mr. Barrett, sir, don't jest," she said, earnestly. "It's murder that's been done!"

"Murder!" cried Jack, turning white and sick, though he could not have said why it should affect him so much.

Mrs. Scott appeared mollified at the sight of his emotion. "Yes, it is terrible news," she said; "and so near us as it happened. I shall never sleep in my bed again—never."

"But who—who is it?" stammered Jack.

"Sir Robert Trevelyan. He was murdered last night, and there's no sign of who has done it."

The young man sat down in order to hide the trembling that was taking possession of him.

"Ah, his poor young wife!" sighed Mrs. Scott. "Not that there was much love lost between them, it's said; but it must be a sad blow for her. And she away, too!"

Jack's head seemed in a whirl, but he tried to steady himself by murmuring "Absurd, absurd! What could one thing have to do with the other? It's pure nonsense!' Then aloud: "I didn't know he had a wife."

"Oh, yes; a beautiful young creature, tall and dark. Did you never see her? And, as I was saying, she's away. She left home yesterday afternoon rather unexpectedly. There will be news for the poor young thing."

"Why did you say there's no love lost between them?" demanded Jack, almost fiercely.

"Why, they say so, sir. He is a queer kind of man, Sir Robert—or I should say was, poor gentleman. Dear, dear, we must say no evil of the dead. But he was too old for her, anyway, and they hadn't been married long. He brought her here for the first time a few weeks ago—they had always been away before. And so short a time as he had to live there with her."

Jack rose from the chair he had taken with a desperate desire to withdraw from observation.

"You shall have your breakfast soon, sir," Mrs. Scott called after him as he retreated. "We must live, I suppose."

Alone in the parlor, Jack paced the room with his brain on fire. What did he suspect? Suspect? Absurd! He suspected nothing. But what wild, hideous, mad thought was agonizing him? An unhappy young wife—a murdered man, and that terrified flying figure in the moonlight.

Oh, it could not, could not be. No, what ever it looked like, it was not that. Why, there must have been a robbery committed, of course, and that would prove his vile suspicion unfounded. No young wife, driven to a desperate step by despair, would be a thief. He must ask for details—he must know more of this. But he must be calm; he must not betray himself; he must not betray her.

Mrs. Scott entered the room with a tray.

"Eh, sir," she said, "it's upsetting news."

"Yes," he assented; "but you say no one is suspected. Has no robbery been committed?"

"No; that's the strange thing. Nothing seems to have gone. No one can understand it so far. But the police will find out something, you may be sure. But, Mr. Barrett," she added, "you were coming home late last night. What time was it when you passed Sir Robert's?"

Jack paled again. "Half-past four this morning," he said, as quietly as he could. "Why?"

"Oh, what a pity. If you had passed at the time you might have seen something or someone," she remarked complacently.

"No, I saw nothing—nothing," Jack declared vehemently, in spite of his resolve to be quiet.

"Why, of course not, sir. Who would go murdering anyone at half past four on a summer's morning? That's daytime with us, you know. He'd never escape notice at that time."

Jack was left alone again to try to eat his breakfast and digest his thoughts. What must he do? To make inquiries at the station now would be madness. That terrible suspicion would not leave him. And if he determined there was nothing in it, how did he know that it would not occur to others if he turned their attention to the girl he had met.

If he could see Lady Trevelyan, and know at once if his suspicion were correct that the wanderer was she! Then, again, he felt that to have his suspicion confirmed even to that extent would be unbearable.

After a terrible day of doubts and fears, and a restless, almost sleepless night, Jack determined he would leave the place which had become so frightful to him, and return home to London. There, at any rate, he would be out of sight of the road which recalled his midnight adventure so well, and would be better able to forget it.

He paid a hurried call on the Morrisons, and informed them he was obliged to return home sooner than he expected. The chief subject of conversation was the murder, and many were the conjectures as to the cause and person. But Lady Trevelyan was spoken of merely with pity.

There seemed no chance of any inquiry about his strange companion being made. Yet as Jack's train steamed out of the station at Rowick—the nearest town—he breathed a sign of relief, and vowed that it should be long before he saw that countryside again.

* * * * * *

In fact it was four years before Jack revisited the neighborhood of his midnight encounter. During those years much had happened to him. He had finished his college course, and had decided on his career in life.

The church and the bar had both been suggested to him, but his inclination was for neither. Jack had an earnest desire to repay his mother (who was far from rich) for the many sacrifices she had made for him, and he therefore promptly accepted the offer of a rich merchant uncle to enter his business.

There Jack had proved himself an able lieutenant; he liked business, and there was every prospect that his uncle would make him a junior partner before long.

In the meantime, the memory of his meeting with the mysterious stranger had by no means died away.

Sometimes it was as fresh in his mind as ever, and he could see the face and form of the woman he had assisted as clearly as the minute after he had parted from her. Yet as the passion she had so suddenly roused in him paled with time, he became more and more convinced that his terrible suspicion as to her identity and situation was the correct one.

That she could have deliberately committed a murder, he could hardly believe; but that in a moment of passion, of anguish without premeditation, she might have been so tempted he admitted to be possible.

He had diligently searched the papers for some mention of the discovery of Sir Robert Trevelyan's murderer, but no such discovery was reported. The case seemed to be one of those mysteries which sometimes remained undiscovered to the end.

About a year after the event, Jack received a letter from his worthy hostess, Mrs. Scott, accompanying a gold stud which he had lost in their house and which had only just been found.

The farmer's wife had a warm liking for the frank, gentlemanly young fellow who had lodged with them for a few weeks, and her letter was not confined to the statement as to the stud, but gave him various pieces of news.

Among the rest, she told him that Sir Robert's murderer had never been discovered, and that his widow had never "been nigh the place" since the terrible event.

"No wonder," thought Jack. Turning his attention to his letter again, he found that Mrs. Scott had added that she had, however, heard the widow was thinking of consoling herself, though probably she would not bring her new husband to "the ill-fated place."

Jack mused on this information, and was constantly picturing his beautiful companion as a bride. He always thought of her as "Lady Trevelyan," and, indeed, he had no idea of any other name for her.

Jack was a popular young man, and it cannot be denied that he liked the society of women, but he had not yet shown any inclination to bestow his heart upon one in particular.

He sometimes asked himself the reason, but could find no satisfactory answer. Yet perhaps he knew, though he confessed nothing even to himself.

It was, then, nearly four years after his adventure that he received an invitation from his old friend Morrison to spend Christmas with him.

The Morrisons' house, Fairfield, was a fine old-fashioned country residence; there were sure to be plenty of guests and merry times, and yet Jack felt a reluctance to accept the invitation. He and his mother were accustomed to spend Christmas with some relations, but Mrs Barrett urged him to go to Fairfield, saying that she would pay her usual visit alone. She could not understand his hesitation, as she knew of no real obstacle in the way.

Jack could not tell her the cause of his doubting, for it was a strange, absurd shrinking from revisiting the scene of the midnight meeting which has been recorded. He laughed at himself, and finally decided to cast such foolish ideas to the wind.

Accordingly, he accepted the invitation, and one clear, frosty afternoon, drove up to Fairfield, accompanied by George Morrison, who had met him at Rowick station.

The pretty, blue-eyed girl who met him in the hall was very little changed in the four years that had passed since he had seen her; and as she came forward with her sweet smile, Jack asked himself whether, perhaps, after all, he had not been thinking of Ethel Morrison all the time.

But the equanimity with which he heard George's news that his sister was engaged, convinced him that he was heartwhole as far as she was concerned.

This information was given as the two young men proceeded to the drawing-room, after Jack had dressed for dinner. "There are lots of people here," observed George, as he threw open the drawing-room door.

There were, indeed, a number of people, who all appeared to be much engaged with themselves and each other. At the first glance, Jack decided they were strangers to him; but at the second—his heart gave a wild leap, his head seemed to swim, and he mechanically clutched George's arm tightly to keep himself upright.

Yet he was in reality no longer conscious of his friend's presence, nor, indeed, of the presence of the various people in the room. One figure only stood out clearly before his eyes; a figure which made such a sudden, vivid impression on him, and recalled a past scene so distinctly, that he almost believed himself standing in a moonlit road, looking at a lovely, death-pale face.

"What is the matter?"

The voice of George Morrison asking this question for the second time roused Jack, and he glanced around in a bewildered way.

"Nothing, nothing," he answered hastily. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, merely out of curiosity," replied George drily.

"One is naturally a little curious when a man nearly twists your arm off, and stares as if he had seen a ghost."

Jack smiled faintly. "Forgive me," he said. "There was something; but don't press me about it, there's a good fellow."

There was a minute's pause; conversation was going on briskly, and the entrance of the two young men had not been specially noticed. The person on whom Jack's eyes and thoughts were fixed was standing near a window at the other end of the room with Ethel Morrison, and seemed unaware of his presence.

"To whom shall I introduce you?" asked young Morrison, scanning Jack closely.

"Oh, anyone you like."

"To the greatest beauty in the room?" continued George as before.

"Which is that?" asked Jack innocently.

"Come, don't pretend you don't know. You have never taken your eyes off her since we came in."

"The lady talking to your sister, you mean? She is certainly beautiful; but——"

Jack hesitated—he feared that the sudden sight of him might startle her. George, however, took his arm and led him towards her.

As they approached, she turned suddenly and looked at them. A scarcely perceptible start, and the rapid turning away of her eyes were all the signs that appeared, but Jack was certain she had recognized him.

A moment after he was being presented, and Miss Morrison in introducing the lady uttered the name "Mrs. Langley."

"Langley," thought Jack, in amazement, and then he remembered Mrs. Scott's story that Lady Trevelyan was about to be married again. No doubt she had done so, and dropped her title. Perhaps her husband was here with her. Was it possible that she could return to a place so fraught with terrible associations? Was she one of those beautiful fiends of whom he had read in fiction?

She met his glance with an inscrutable face, and with eyes that did not flinch. She smiled the faint, fugitive smile which had lighted up her face occasionally during that strange walk. She talked easily; she was perfectly composed.

Jack, for his part, was too bewildered to be at his ease. When, a few minutes later, Ethel Morrison introduced him to his partner for dinner, a bright young girl, he could hardly command himself enough to behave with ordinary politeness, and his conversational powers during the meal were conspicuous by their absence. His companion was naturally disgusted, and she ever afterwards spoke of him as "that stupid Mr. Barrett."

Jack perhaps deserved the name on this occasion. He was unable to keep his thoughts for a moment from Mrs. Langley, and his eyes wandered frequently in the same direction.

The lady was not exactly gay, but she seemed to be sufficiently occupied in conversation. She smiled often and looked exceedingly tranquil. Once only Jack thought he caught her eyes fixed doubtfully and searchingly on his face, but she immediately withdrew them.

He rose from table with a determination to see her alone that evening; but he found himself in his bedroom without having accomplished his desire. He had spoken to Mrs. Langley a little; but had found her much in request. Moreover, he had discovered that Mr. Langley, whoever he might be, was not at Fairfield.

One other discovery he had made: that the lady of his midnight adventure was as lovely and even more attractive to him, than on that well-remembered evening.

The next morning was spent chiefly in billiards by the men of the party, and they saw little of the ladies till luncheon.

Shortly after that, however, fortune favored Jack. Coming into the library in search of his cigar-case, which he had left there in the morning, he saw Mrs. Langley alone in the room.

She was standing before a book-case, scanning the shelves closely. Jack shut the door and advanced towards her. She turned round at the sound of his footsteps, and for a moment her self-possession deserted her. She became very pale, and took a hurried step towards the door.

"Forgive my intrusion," began Jack, gently; "but I so much wished to speak to you."

"To me, Mr. Barrett!" she repeated, rapidly recovering herself, and stopping on her way.

"Yes." Jack hesitated a moment, and then, looking straight into her eyes, said steadily: "We have met before, I believe?"

"Before now, certainly; last night and this morning at breakfast, if I am not mistaken," she answered lightly.

"Four years ago this next June, in the Rowick road; not far from—Sir Robert Trevelyan's," said Jack.

"You are romancing," exclaimed the lady.

Jack looked at her reproachfully, and the color came into her cheeks whilst her eyes sank before his. She looked so lovely that his heart began to beat as wildly as on that morning when they parted.

Her air of innocent sweetness made him furious with her, with himself, with fate, which after giving him these years in which to recover from his madness, had reopened the wound. It was folly; it was worse.

"Do you deny it? Do you add a lie to—to ——"

Here he stopped, not daring to say more.

She suddenly looked up, and he saw that her hands, which were clasped tightly together were trembling.

"No, I confess it," she said abruptly. "Now, what have you to say?"

Jack was silent. He had, in fact, nothing to say: that is, nothing that he would say. Should he ask her if his suspicions were correct? That was impossible.

Should he tell her what at that moment he for the first time knew to be the case—that he was a mad fool and loved her? Loved her, though he knew nothing of her and besides that suspected her of the most horrible crime? But he did not suspect her—he could not!

"Your flight was successful?" he began at last.

She looked surprised.

"I escaped discovery—yes," she said, sinking her voice. "But I lived to regret the wild step I had taken: to bitterly regret it. You, who do not know the circumstances, cannot guess."

"But I do know the circumstances!"

"You do?" she cried, gazing at him with bewildered eyes. "How could you possibly find them out? Then you tried to make discoveries? You broke the spirit of your promise to me, though you kept the letter?"

"No, no; you are mistaken," he said eagerly. "I tried to discover nothing. The knowledge was forced upon me, and I left the place instantly, chiefly for your sake. Oh, when you thought I might suffer you seemed to have no idea of the agony, the horror, that the discovery of the truth would produce in me. And yet—I would protect you—screen you—at the cost of my life," he ended fiercely.

Her eyes had opened wide, and her color went and came fitfully as he spoke.

"Agony? horror?" she began, when the door opened suddenly, and Ethel Morrison entered. Neither of the two she had surprised was able to hide entirely the confusion both felt, but Jack was the most alarmed. Mrs. Langley turned almost instantly to Ethel with the remark: "Are you ready to go out so soon? Wait for me, and I will put on my hat."

Left alone with Ethel, Jack hurriedly began the search for the cigar-case, hoping she would not ask him any questions. She remained silent, and it was he who broke the ice by asking abruptly: "Where is Mr. Langley?"

Ethel started, and then looked at him with horrified eyes.

"Do you mean to say that you did not know that he was dead—that she is a widow?"

"Dead!" repeated Jack, in amazement. "Did she kill off all her husbands?" he thought. "But she is not in mourning?"

"Mr. Langley has been dead for two or three years," replied Ethel, and she presently left the room.

Jack paced the room in bewilderment. The thought that she was free never entered his mind. His one idea was whether he had cruelly misjudged her, and whether after all she was not guilty of her first husband's death. But what did her expressions "of regret mean? "Regret!" That was a mild word to use! "Oh, she must be a fiend!" murmured poor Jack.

That evening a dance was got up. Mrs. Langley looked radiant in her delicate ball-dress, and stole a deprecating glance at Jack as she passed him. He had almost resolved to fly from Fairfield, and not risk the opportunity of seeing her again; but he had stayed, and now found himself irresistibly attracted to her side.

He could not deny himself the delight of dancing with her, and as he whirled round the room with her to the delicious strains of a waltz, he resolved to forget that horrible, impossible story, and be happy.

He did not succeed either in really forgetting the story or being happy; but before the evening was over he had danced five times with Mrs. Langley, and each dance left him more madly in love than the last.

That she encouraged him was certain. He felt it, and allowed himself to dream wildly as he met the sweet eyes which looked up into his.

He passed a night of restless dreams and broken sleep, and came down to the late breakfast on the following morning with eyes which told their tale of sleeplessness.

It was Christmas Day, and the church bells were sounding through the crisp, frosty air as they rose from breakfast.

Mrs. Langley had not appeared—rather to Jack's relief. Could he hurry from Fairfield? Not on Christmas Day, certainly, but he determined that the next morning he would have an important telegram. He must tear himself away from this dangerous influence.

He formed one of the church-going party. Mrs. Langley did not. They met at luncheon, but were at a distance from each other.

After that meal, Jack was seized by some of the men for billiards, and so dinner-time approached.

He had been told that other visitors from the neighborhood were to arrive for dinner, and, therefore, when he reached the drawing-room, he was not surprised to see several people he did not know. Mrs. Langley was not there, and he talked languidly to George about the events of the day.

A dark, handsome, quiet-looking woman of perhaps five-and-twenty was sitting on a sofa alone, and George, indicating this lady, observed, "She is handsome, isn't she?"

"Who is she," asked Jack, absently.

"Lady Trevelyan."

Jack stared at his companion as though he thought him mad, and said: "Who?"

"Lady Trevelyan," repeated George, emphatically; adding in an irritated tone: "Gracious goodness, man, what is wrong with you? You're always starting and turning pale. First it was Mrs. Langley, now it's someone else. What is wrong with Lady Trevelyan?"

"Nothing—if that's Lady Trevelyan."

"Of course it is. Who did you suppose she was?"

"Oh, I did'nt suppose she was anybody," replied Jack, feebly, unaware of the point in his speech.

George laughed. "But she is somebody, I can tell you. Here comes Mrs. Langley. By the-way, you're to take her down to dinner to-night, I hear—happy man."

"Stop a moment," said Jack. "Is that lady the widow of Sir Robert Trevelyan, who was murdered that summer I was stopping near you?"

"Yes; I've told you twice already."

Jack offered his arm to take Mrs. Langley to dinner, feeling as if he were in a dream. He had been wrong from the very beginning, then. The woman he loved

was not the widow of the murdered man, and it was surely possible that she knew nothing of the crime. He must know all, and put an end to this torturing suspense.

"Are you ill, Mr. Barret?" asked Mrs. Langley suddenly, looking at him anxiously.

"No; but I implore you to give me a few minutes alone after dinner. I must speak to you," he replied in a passionate whisper.

"This evening?"

"Yes, at once—I cannot bear this doubt," he said, more earnestly than before.

She hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "I cannot understand you, but perhaps it is better that we should have an explanation. I think you were mistaken in something you said yesterday."

"Then you will let me speak to you in the library, after dinner?" asked Jack eagerly. "It is sure to be empty."

Mrs. Langley assented; and the instant Jack could escape from the table, he hastened to the appointed place, and was not surprised to find her waiting for him. She was seated in a low chair, and he came and stood before her.

"I told you I knew the circumstances of your flight that night!" he began rather abruptly.

"Yes, and that is what puzzled me so," she replied in her soft, even tones, looking up at him.

"I don't wonder you were puzzled. Do you know who I thought you were till an hour or two ago?"

She shook her head.

"Lady Trevelyan—that is—the widow of Sir Robert Trevelyan, who was murdered that very night."

She uttered a cry of astonishment. "But why—why—how on earth did you get that idea?"

"Oh, because I was a fool, I suppose," cried Jack, furious with himself. "I wanted some explanation of your flight, and who you were; and that view seemed to come—a terrible one—the next morning."

"A terrible one!" she repeated wonderingly.

"Terrible! Agonizing!" exclaimed Jack, as he began to pace the room in his agitation. "What could I think?"

"I can't imagine what you thought," said his companion, looking at him with astonished eyes; except that you believed me to be Lady Trevelyan. But why should that have seemed terrible to you? I cannot conceive."

Jack stopped, and returned her gaze in silence for a moment. She had no idea of wicked—as it now seemed to him, monstrous—suspicion.

Why need he tell her? He knew now that she was—must be—guiltless; she was free; he loved her; why should he not keep silence about the past folly, and try to win her?

By confessing what he had for a moment fancied, was he not running every chance? But Jack was one of the honestest of men. He could not bear the thought of hiding such a thing from her, and after a short struggle he burst out:

"Oh, don't you understand me? I was mad, of course, but I didn't know you. The murder startled me. It was so mysterious. There was no robbery, and what motive could there be? But you—an unhappy wife I fancied you—oh, what can I say?"

She had suddenly grown pale, and risen to her feet. As he neared her, she retreated with a look of horror.

"And you thought—you thought—such a horrible, such an unutterable thing of me?" she gasped in a faint voice.

"No, no," he protested wildly. "I did not think it—I couldn't. You must see I didn't, for I loved you—loved you all the time—as I love you now—as I shall love you till I die!"

This passionate declaration did not seem to soothe her. She held out her hand, as though to keep him away, and said in a horrified whisper:

"Oh, could anyone think that of me? And above all, you, whose memory I have treasured all these years?"

This last speech maddened Jack by the enchanting possibilities of what might have been, that seemed to lie in it. "Have some pity for me," he said in low, broken tones; "I knew it was false, all wrong, when I spoke to you just now, but I could not bear to hide it from you. I was honest, if a madman."

There was a short pause. His companion had retreated to the window, and stood leaning against the wall near it, pale and drooping. He did not dare to approach her, but stood like a criminal, waiting for a word of pardon.

At last she looked up, and said quietly: "Let me tell you the real secret of that night. I was the wife of Mr. Langley, who lived not far from the place where we met. I was married against my will, or rather against my inclination, a few weeks before that time. I was eighteen, and my husband was sixty. You will think, and justly, that I was wicked to consent to such a marriage. I was foolish and wrong, but I married to save my father from ruin. He was in the power of Mr. Langley. I agreed to the sacrifice, in ignorance of the real character of the man I married. He was"—she stopped for an instant and grew paler—"he was a fiend, I think. I can't bear to speak of my life with him, but I was so miserable that I almost lost my reason. He had brought me to his home in the country a fortnight after we married, and after a month of torture, I ran away—the night you met me. I escaped to my father and with his help hid myself. He had been selfish and wrong to agree to my sacrifice, but, in justice to him, I must say he also did not really know what Mr. Langley was. For some months my husband tried to find me, but he was in miserable health even at the time of our marriage, and he died the following year."

She stopped, and Jack came a step nearer and fixed his eyes imploringly upon her.

"Oh," she cried wildly, "if you had not told me that cruel suspicion! I thought of you so often, and the very thought that you were in the world made me happy! You were so good, so sweet, so noble to me that night! I had never before known that a man could be so good to a woman. My father was never very kind to me. No man had ever been like that to me before. And that moment, when you didn't kiss me, I could have fallen at your feet. And yet you—you——" She broke into hopeless sobs.

Jack flung himself down on his knees before her, and besought her not to drive him mad.

"Don't—don't! I can't bear it," he said passionately. "I tell you I didn't believe it of you—I didn't, I could sooner have believed it of myself. I love you—I have loved you ever since. How could I have loved if I had thought that?"

She was frightened at his violent distress; checked her sobs, dried her eyes, and asked him gently to sit down and be comforted. He rose to his feet, while his companion herself took her former seat. He began to pace the room again, and she sat silently watching him. At last he approached her.

"I suppose you hate the sight of me now," he said piteously, "so I won't trouble you any more. If you knew how I love you, you would pity me a little. I will ask only one favor before I leave you. Tell me your name."

"My name?" she repeated.

"Yes, I want to know your name—your Christian name, to think of you by."

A soft color stole into her cheeks. "How strange," she murmured; "why, I have known your name all these years and thought of you by it. It's such a manly name. Mine is Barbara," she added softly.

Jack's heart was beating frantically at her tone as she spoke of his name, and he repeated, "Barbara! I shall love it for ever. Oh, my darling, my heart will break. But won't you call me once by my name before I go?"

"Come here—Jack," she answered with a sudden blush and smile. "No—no nearer," was hurriedly added as he approached her. He stood and trembled with suspense.

Barbara rose from her seat. "Tell me first," she said, "if you remember the last words I said to you that morning."

"The last words you said to me?" repeated Jack, who was getting so intoxicated with hope that he could not remember anything.

"Ah, you don't! What a miserable lover!" cried Barbara, with a soft laugh. "Well, they were these: 'What a happy woman your wife will be!'"

Jack's gaze spoke volumes but his lips said not a word.

She looked at him with tender eyes and glowing cheeks, and holding out her hand, whispered:

"Ah, Jack, I want to be happy!"

That pretty little hand was not taken, but the next moment Jack's arms were both flung round her, while he took from her quivering lips the kiss which, as he afterwards said, she had owed him for nearly four years.

SPLITTING STRAWS.

THERE is some little magic imputed to straw. Thus there is a cure for thrush, in which the child is taken to a running stream, a straw is pulled through its mouth and its mother repeats the verse "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," &c. There used once to be supposed a hidden virtue in a straw necklace as worn by a pilgrim.

Erasmus mentions such necklaces: and a modern attempt has been made to explain this on the ground that wheat straw has been regarded as an emblem of peace, and that the necklace may have been worn to shield the pilgrim from harm during his wayfaring.

Whether the witches cared a straw for anyone we are not told: but they cared for straw, inasmuch that straw was strewed on the floors of houses, five or six centuries ago, to keep them away. There are men of straw in various countries and counties.

There is (or was) a custom prevalent among servants waiting to be hired: they went into the market-place with a straw in their mouths, as a mark whereby their wants might be made known.

Very good tracing and copying paper has been made from straw. Straws being tubular and cylindrical do not seem to be well adapted for purposes of fine art or artistic design; yet ingenuity has contrived a mode of applying them to some such a purpose—not high art certainly, but decorative and ornate.

The French monks in the last century were wont to employ portions of their time in making pictures and ornamental designs of straw.

The straws were selected large, long, thin, and white; they were deprived of all knots and enveloping membrane: they were bleached by sulphuring; they were dyed or stained in various colors, a few only being kept white; they were split open by one rent from end to end; they were spread out into flat ribbons half an inch or so in width; they were pasted side by side on sheets of paper, with edges nicely joining; and thus were at length produced sheets of straw, beautifully smooth, equable, hard, and glossy.

Scrupulous care was taken that all the straws in any one sheet should be exactly alike in tint.

The monk having thus provided himself with sheets of white, blue, red, green, and other colored straw, proceeded with his labors. The sheets having been well pressed after the pasting, he was enabled to work upon them without disturbing their bond of union. Some of the pictures were a kind of mosaic.

The straw sheets were cut up into narrow strips, and these, varying in width and in color, were pasted on paper: this paper, when dry, was again cut up into strips, which were again united in some new order of juxtaposition.

Another variety more nearly resembled inlaying, or marquetry, or buhl work. Several sheets of straw, of various colors, were laid one upon another; a paper pattern was laid upon them, and hard cutting tools severed all the sheets along the lines of the design.

The little fragments thus produced were picked up one by one, and formed into devices by being pasted on paper, the blue, the green, the red, the white, and so forth, being dispersed and mingled according to the taste of the artist. A higher class of the art was that in which embossment was introduced.

This question of whole straw and split straw is one of no small importance among straw-workers. The straw bonnet is, or was, made of whole wheat straws, plaited in long narrow strips, these strips being sewn together.

Unless the straws be very small such bonnets are heavy and clumsy; hence the makers sought the means of splitting the straws into three, four, or more narrow strips each. Knives were employed to do this, but it was sorry work, the strips were uneven and the progress was slow.

About half a century ago an ingenious man invented a simple but efficient tool to aid in this operation, and his return was such as ingenious inventors do not always realize—a handsome fortune. Redes wheat, rye and other straws are also used. Grasses and corn-straws have also been made available.

A lady need hardly be told how elaborate the patterns of fancy straws now are; nor need anyone accustomed to manufactures and manufacturing operations be informed that these fancy productions require machinery to bring the slender straws into such elegant convolutions. But the plain, old-fashioned mode of proceeding is somewhat as follows:

The straws are drawn out, and the heads cut off. They are shorn of the leaves which sheathe the stalk, and they are cut. They are whitened, or bleached, or steamed, or sulphured by exposure to the fumes of sulphur in a box.

Then the plaiter comes in and examines whether the material be worthy of the labor about to be bestowed upon it. If it be spotted, or reddened, or jointed, or bruised, or crooked, it is either rejected altogether, or is appropriated to inferior uses; but if it be straight and light, and clean, and whole, it is ranked as first class, and is divided into different thicknesses or fineness.

Then comes the splitting. A little instrument made of iron, or brass, or wood, or a combination of metal and wood, is thrust into each straw: there are cutters varying from four to a dozen in number, which sever the straw into an equal number of parallel strips. As the little bits have a natural tendency to convexity on one side, and concavity on the other, they are passed between two rollers, which flatten and straighten them. Then plaiting begins—a process which we have not the temerity to attempt to describe.

How, by employing different numbers, and different kinds, and different sizes of straws, and entwining them in different ways, the plaiters produce the varieties of rustic, and pearl, and back bone, and lustre, and wave, and diamond, and double seven, and double eleven, and other denominations of plait, let the inquirer learn by looking on, and not by mere reading. Strips are thus made up and sold in scores, or pieces 20 yards long. A straw bonnet of sober and moderate pretensions consumes, we believe, from three to four scores of plait. The plaits are bleached by the larger manufacturers, who purchase them, and are then sewn and blocked, and pressed, and wired by women until they assume the form of a smart bonnet or hat.

THE cultivation of the gift of prayer dare not, any more than the gift of meditative contemplation, be left to accident, to become a mere affair of moods (of inclination or disinclination); for in that case prayer would far too often be omitted.

Be not ashamed to ask if you doubt; but be ashamed to be reproved for the same fault twice.

MANY of the recognized authorities in civil as well as military circles say. "The malarial disease is most dangerous in that the kidneys are most liable to break down." Such men as Dacosta, Atkinson and Pepper, professors of our leading medical schools, and Soldaton Surgeon, Gen. in the Russian army, Woodward, Surg. Gen. in our American army, speak of malaria as a direct complication of chronic Bright's disease. The kidneys must be kept free from disease and the poisonous germs of malaria, they must act normally in cleansing the blood, for 60 gallons of it passes through them every hour. People in malarial localities recover from both the cause and effect of malaria by using Warner's Safe Cure. Every person, in the spring or fall, who has either kidney disease or malaria, should use Warner's Safe Cure as a precautionary measure.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

For generations a certain Japanese family had a box into which they put percentages. Said one of them: "If I want to buy a garment that costs $1, I buy it for 80 cents; or give a feast that would cost $5, I give it for $4; or to build a house for $100, I build it for $80, and put the balances in a box. At the end of the year we meet, open the boxes and give the contents to the poor. It costs us some self-denial, but we are always prosperous and happy." They call this worshipping "The Great Bright God of Self-Restraint."

The next court in Tioga county will deal with an interesting case. Recently one William Brown went into partnership with his neighbor, Jones, in the purchase of a cow. It was mutually agreed that the co-partners were to share alike. Brown refused subsequently to share the milk, maintaining that Jones owned the front half of the cow. The cow recently lifted Mr. Brown with her horns and now he sues Mr. Jones for damages. Jones, in view of the fact that he was cheated out of the proceeds of the rear end of the cow, doesn't feel easy about paying for damages caused by the front end of the animal.

The French Council of State has concluded the examination of a series of public administrative rules applicable to the various modes of burial and cremation. With regard to the burning of the bodies of the dead, no apparatus for cremation is to be made use of without authority from the Prefect, who will grant it after consultation with the Hygiene Council. Every burning of a body is to be authorized by the Registrar on an application from the family, and the production of a certificate from the doctor who attended the deceased that death was due to natural causes, or, in absence of this, a report of the inquiry conducted by the municipal doctor. A report will be drawn up recording the reception of the body, and its incineration, which will be transmitted to the municipal authority. The ashes will not be allowed to be deposited even provisionally anywhere except in places of burial regularly established, or to be removed without the consent of the municipal authorities.

A correspondent has discovered in the neighborhood of Halberstadt a village named Strobeck, of which all the inhabitants are chess players. Chess is regularly taught in the schools, and every year there is a public examination in the game, a distribution of prizes in the shape of chess boards, and a kind of chess tournament and festival at which the six best players in the locality are publicly feted and carried home in triumph. Instead of pothooks and hangers, young children are initiated at their mothers' knees into the mysteries of chess, while the ambition of the adult peasant's life is to be able to play a larger number of blindfold games than his neighbor. The holiest shrine for miles around is a tumble down tower which, according to local tradition, was the home of an untrocked priest who, four or five centuries ago, first introduced to the yeomen of Strobeck the "game of kings." The great Elector once passed through the village and played with one of the farmers. It is also said that Frederick the Great played chess at Strobeck, but this legend is not authenticated.

NOW! IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR.

During winter, Nature wisely arranges that we should live on foods containing much fat, or, as they are known, hydrocarbons, for the purpose of supplying heat to the body; the chemical operation necessary to transform fat into heat is the exclusive work of the liver, and so during the time stated it is constantly congested.

With the approach of warm weather our diet changes to muscle-producing food, and the work of the liver is much lessened. In the majority of cases, however, it is unable to completely throw off the excess of bile, but remains congested, causing that lazy, tired feeling which many have in the spring months, when the weather becomes warm.

This is evidence of an unhealthy condition, and though people appreciate the necessity of an alterative at this period, the common idea is to take drastic pills and produce a cathartic effect, only to make matters worse. The liver must be unloaded and its proper action restored before hot weather if you wish to preserve health, and if this distinct call of nature is unheeded serious results will occur.

The blood will become loaded with bile and lithic acid, and as every drop of vital fluid passes through the kidneys to be purified, they soon break down and are unable to carry out the deadly poison. Warner's Safe Cure and Warner's Safe Pills have not only a specific act on on the kidneys, but on the liver also.

They thin the thickened bile so that it will pass out through the ducts, enable the glands to unload themselves, act as a solvent on all biliary acids and in a word, set these great organs for the season's work, preventing blood poisoning inflammation, abscess and all affections to which they are so liable.

As you value the blessings of health, do not allow the summer to approach without giving your system a "general house cleaning" in the manner we have indicated.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

Our Young Folks.

THE PRINCESS.

BY A. L.

(Concluded)

THE Baroness had recovered from her swoon, and came to meet her lord in the hall.

"How are your here so soon, my lord?" she said.

The Baron told her what he had done, and what he had seen.

"What!" she cried, "have you returned without searching the Magic Valley? Oh, my lord, go now—save our little darling—to-morrow it may be too late. Let it not be said that the Baron Hauteur was afraid of entering the Magic Valley."

The Baron, not very willingly, promised to go.

He summoned all his men-at-arms and put on his best armor. He marched to the entrance of the valley and there issued the order.

"Cut me that rope!"

Two sturdy retainers came forward, and with axes and hunting knives tried to cut the crimson rope—all in vain. They could make no impression on it.

"We must stoop to conquer," said the Baron, and with wonderful condescension he bowed his head low and passed under the rope.

A large party of his retainers at once turned about and ran away; but some bolder spirits followed him into the Valley.

"Go on," said the Baron, eyeing them sternly. "Lead the way."

"It is not for us to go before our Baron," they cried with one voice.

"That means, that you are afraid!" he cried angrily. "Follow me then! Ho! Ha! Hum!"

This was the ancient war-cry of his house. There is little doubt that the "Fee, fo, fum" of the giants Blunderore and Cormoran was a vulgar way of saying this majestic sentence. Either the giants themselves degenerated, which seems quite likely, or those who heard them made a slight, and, under the circumstances, very pardonable mistake. For there can be little doubt that these giants were natives of the Realms of fancy, and they may have been younger brothers of some Baron ancestor of Baron Hauteur.

The Baron, crying his war-cry, and waving his drawn sword, rushed up the defile through the rocks and reached the lovely, peaceful-looking valley.

Looking back, he found that he was alone. Not one of his train had followed him.

"Cowards! traitors!" he exclaimed, "ye shall smart for this. Shall I—follow them? The valley looks very quiet—very like other valleys. I shall go a little further—just to content poor Gentlesweet."

He walked on—it was quite easy, and he reached the rocky platform where on one side he saw the round hole in the rock, on the other the dreadful black pool. He stopped and began calling—

"Mayblossom! you troublesome little monkey, come here. I have come for you. I shall forgive you if you come at once—you very naughty little girl. Don't keep me waiting, undutiful child. Unless you come at once, I shall whip you soundly."

Suddenly—without warning—he found himself confronted by the Fatal Cat.

"Go home, you blustering booby," said the Princess of the Valley, quietly. "You see the deep black pool? A moment more and I shall have you thrown in. And in those magic waters you will simply cease to be. It is my fate to perish thus, but not until I am confronted by something stronger than the nails I bear the house that cast me off. And you, weak fool, go at once, before I lose my temper. Your daughter has heard your call, but she did not seem at all disposed to join you. Go—go—go."

And with a yell she sprang at him. The Baron turned and fled—fled down the valley, pursued by the terrible cat; he reached the crimson rope, tumbled over it anyhow, and turned to look. The cat was no longer visible.

The Baron was borne home in a fainting state, and it was four days before he came perfectly to his senses. Gentlesweet nursed him tenderly; and made him tell her exactly what had occurred to him in the Magic Valley.

Her mind was made up. She would save Mayblossom, or share her fate.

On the morning of the fifth day the Baroness dressed herself in her plainest apparel, and left the castle unperceived. She took a cake in her pocket, Mayblossom might be hungry—also she took the little shoes, for the child must not walk barefoot. She reached the crimson rope, bent her fair head low, and passed under it. She never paused nor faltered, but walked steadily on with head erect.

Ah, we little know how strong love can make the weakest among us. Gentlesweet thought of her lost child, and of nothing else of herself, her safety, her dignity, her probable fate, she thought not at all. And so she walked fearlessly up the Magic Valley.

Something moved on the path before her, she stopped to look, and saw a large gray owl, lying on its side, apparently dying. Even now Gentlesweet could not pass on, leaving the creature to suffer unaided. She sat down on a large stone, laid the owl to her lap and examined it carefully.

"It is half-starved," she said. "Oh, how thin it is, poor thing. And what is this? Oh! what wicked cruelty! A long pin stuck into the creature so deep. I must pull it out. There, now, you poor thing, maybe you will feel better."

She fed the bird gently with some of the cake in her pocket, and seeing the glint of water close by, she lifted some in the hollow of her white hand, and gave it a drink.

"That is all I can do for you," she said, "I must not delay any longer." And she laid the bird on the grass. To her surprise it looked up at her and said distinctly.

"Wait one moment, gentle lady, until I recover a little, I beseech you wait."

After a minute or so Gentlesweet saw it stand up and begin to put on a pair of blue spectacles.

"Madam," said the owl, "you have saved my life, and though I am often very weary of it, I feel very grateful to you. In return, let me save you from such a fate as mine. Turn, lady, and fly from this hateful place. You are in the Magic Valley of the Fatal Cat, and if my mistress becomes aware of your presence, your fate is sealed."

"You are very kind," said Gentlesweet, "but I cannot fly, my little daughter has wandered into the valley, or has been brought here somehow. I am seeking her."

"Then I think, Madam, that you are the Baroness Gentlesweet?"

"I am—and a most unhappy mother."

"Noble lady! fly while flight is still possible. The child you seek is a child no longer—like all the stolen children of your house she has been turned into a kitten. I owe my liberty to her, for only this morning she contrived to open the door of the cupboard in which my mistress had shut me up and left me to perish: forgetting all about me, I believe. You know that the Baron came here seeking the child. He got away safe but the Princess lamented it ever since, and regrets that she did not turn him into a porcupine! and she will not let you escape her. And your child would not go with you. The Baron called her, and my mistress mockingly gave her leave to go, but she ran to her brothers and would not go."

"Her brothers!" cried Gentlesweet, "Oh, my babies, my babies!- But tell me, kind owl, did the Baron call her tenderly, telling her how we were all so sad without her?"

"I cannot say that he did, Madam. He promised her a whipping and called her troublesome, and I know not what else. Had he been kinder she might have wished to go then, but now it is too late for that. She is changed—she is the maidest, merriest, happiest of them all. Last night she caught a mouse and played with it, hunting it about the cave until it was almost dead with fear."

"My tender-hearted little girl did that!" cried the Baroness. "Ah, I must save her or share her fate."

"Are you so wilful, Madam! will nothing turn you back? If there is a creature that you hate and fear, into that creature you will be transformed. Look at me. I was the Princess's gentlewoman. I was afraid of owls and she knew it. Not a creature among her train but was turned into some bird or beast: and I am the only one left now."

"I cannot help it," said Gentlesweet, "if I must be a toad, why I must; but I shall at least see my children, and let them know how their mother loves them. I am resolved, good Mistress Owl."

"Then what I can do to help you I will do, noble lady, be my fate what it may. Attend to my words. When the Baron came to the top of the glen, the Princess, in the form of the Fatal Cat, came out to meet him, and I have little doubt she will do the same when she knows that you are there. On the other side of the rock, nearly opposite the passage by which she will come, you will see the black pool. Its waters are fatal to all who touch them; they are destined to be fatal to my mistress herself, but only when she is confronted by something stronger than her hate for the House from which she sprang. Oh, lady, what strength have you?"

"None" said Gentlesweet, "I am frightened; but there is something here," laying her hand upon her heart, "that is stronger than fear; perhaps it may prove stronger than hate. At all events I will go instantly."

"Alas that you will! but remember what I have told you, lady, for 'tis your only chance—and a poor one, for she is wary and suspicious. I will be near, and if I can help you, I will do so."

"Thank you, kind friend. I will remember. But my hope is to get Mayblossom into my arms, and run. I have no strength for a struggle."

She passed up the valley, meeting with no further adventure until she reached the great rock with the round passage through it and the awful black pool on the other side of the platform. Leaning against the rock and bending down towards the hole, she called aloud—

"Mayblossom! my darling, my one comfort! my little girl! come to your mother. Mayblossom! her heart is breaking for the loss of you. None shall blame you for running away, we know you meant no harm. Only come back, come back, my little Mayblossom."

Far off, in the cave, the Fatal Cat lay on her cushion, watching the kittens at play. It was the very maddest, maddest play and Mayblossom was the maddest there. The springs she made! the jumps of her! the way her tail whisked and her eyes flashed! And in the midst of the fun, the Baroness sent her pitiful cry down the passage. The kittens ceased their antics suddenly; the Fatal Cat frowned.

"This becomes very tiresome," she said, "does the young woman want to be turned into a snail or something else that is very nasty? You, Mayblossom! do you know that voice?"

"It is my mother's voice," said Mayblossom, "and she calls me."

"And you may go to her if you like," replied the Princess, "I shall easily catch both her and you. Go if you will—but you must take the consequences."

"Don't go, don't go," whispered Fairesperance in a frightened voice. But now the Baroness spoke again.

"Mayblossom, my darling, my only beloved, will you not come to your poor mother who loves you so dearly?"

Slowly did Mayblossom draw near the entrance to the passage; the Fatal Cat laughing maliciously all the time.

"Go by all means," she said. "I shall be amused to see how your mother looks when she sees you. Do you expect her to care for a kitten? a kitten too, that will never even be a cat?"

Mayblossom hesitated, the Baroness Gentlesweet, who was fast losing the faint hope that had sustained her until now, cried despairingly—

"Come, home, my child", whatever has happened to you. Let me only see you once more! I don't care what that cruel witch does to me, I will stay here, for I cannot live without my Mayblossom!"

At these words, Mayblossom sprang into the passage and with a cry of rage the Fatal Cat flew after her.

The Baroness, leaning against the rock heard this terrible yell. She started up and stood gazing and staring at the mouth of the passage. Out sprang a white kitten, who ran scrambling into her arms and hid its head in her bosom. But before a word could be said, out sprang also, with a yell and a veil and a bound like those of a tigress, the Fatal Cat!

With wonderful courage and presence of mind, the Baroness placed herself between her enemy and the mouth of the passage. At the same moment the cat turned and saw her.

Rising upon her hind feet, she began to utter a spell: one moment more and the Baroness was lost! But surely this was Mayblossom, whose little heart was beating hard with terror as she pressed herself close to her mother's breast. And with her child to fight for, Gentlesweet was strong indeed.

With a cry which echoed far down the valley, she rushed at the Fatal Cat, seized her with both hands and flung her with all the strength she had into the black whirling pool.

Down, down, she went, her snowy form showing out distinctly against the dark sides of the pit; the Baroness, leaning over the edge in an agony of terror, listened for the splash which would prove that she had reached the water.

But there was no splash, no sound broke the stillness, not a drop of spray came flying up, nor a circle appeared on the surface of the mysterious water.

But as the form of the Fatal Cat touched the face of the pool she disappeared, ceased to be, she was gone!

The Baroness, panting and frightened, still gazed down, when a voice behind her made her turn round. There was Mistress Owl in a state of great excitement.

"Baroness Gentlesweet, brave and loving lady, brave because loving! You have saved us all. But I beseech you, lose no time; the spell is working now and those poor children will be prisoners in the Cave if they do not escape while they are still kittens. Call them, Lady—see how the water rises."

Yes, the black water was turning slowly round and round, rising as it turned. The Baroness, clasping the white kitten in her arms, ran to the hole in the rock and cried:

"Run! escape for your lives! the water is rising!"

And in a moment, one after another, the whole band of kittens rushed out and stood gazing at her. Just as the last of them was safely out, the black waters reached the platform of rock on which they stood.

Then they began to turn the other way, and sink as rapidly as they had risen; and before they had entirely disappeared, every prince and princess had regained his or her rightful form and the Baroness was surrounded by a group of lovely children.

But all she saw was, that her own little Mayblossom lay in her arms.

"Mother, dear mother, kiss me and forgive me, I will never run away again! Oh, we shall be so happy now! You will never sit alone and cry any more! You will never sit alone and cry any more! Come here, brothers, mother, see your lost babies! you have three children now."

The poor Baroness might really have fainted, so overpowered was she, but that Fairesperance burst into tears, crying—

"No one wants us! We have no mother!"

"I will be mother to every one of you," said the Baroness; "my heart is big enough to hold you all. Kiss me, dear children; all of you. I will love you all, have no fear. Now, let us leave this place and get out of the Magic Valley, for I do not feel quite safe here, even yet. But how ungrateful I am! where is Mistress Owl?"

"I am here, [illegible]," said the somewhat sententious voice of the owl; and behold a very respectable old lady with a hooked nose, dressed in a fashion that none of the beholders had ever seen before, save in very old pictures.

Such a happy procession down the valley! The children crowded round the Baroness, who had a kind word for all.

And at the entrance to the valley they found the Baron with all his retainers, and poor Kindheart weeping bitterly.

"Ha Ho Hum! Here they come!" cried the Baron.

"These are our three children, Baron," said Gentlesweet, "and the spell is broken at last: we have no more to fear from the Fatal Cat."

Then she told her story simply and quietly, and the whole audience burst forth into the cry—

"Hurrah for the brave Baroness Gentlesweet, who fought and overcame the Fatal Cat."

And there were tears in the Baron's eyes as he kissed his wife, saying, 'Gentlesweet, you are indeed a brave woman."

"Not brave at all," she answered, "but Mayblossom is my own little girl, and I—love her so dearly."

The crimson rope had vanished, the valley lost all its terrors and became the favorite playground of the rescued children. They were all very happy "once upon a time."

A MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

At the time when the French "Reign of Terror" was at its height in 1793, a prisoner was brought before one of the Revolutionary Judges of Paris, accused of the not uncommon although somewhat involuntary crime of being a man of good family, or, as it was then called, an "aristocrat."

To look at the accused, one would hardly have expected much danger to the newly established Republic from him; for he was a white-haired old man of sixty-five, stooping with age, and almost crippled by rheumatism.

But the mere sight of any one who looked so much like a gentleman was quite sufficient to arouse the patriotic indignation of the worthy Judge, who, before his elevation to the Judicial bench, had combined the profession of a rag picker with that of a thief.

"Prisoner," growled he, frowning so heavily that his eyes were completely hidden—which was perhaps just as well, considering how remarkably hideous they were "what is your name?"

"Monsieur de Saint-Cyr," answered the old man, a little more proudly than was quite safe under the circumstances.

"The word 'Monsieur' exists no longer," grunted the judge, with an extra scowl; "in our glorious Republic every man is called 'Citizen.'"

"De Saint-Cyr, then," amended the accused.

"'De' is an aristocratic prefix," objected the still unsatisfied judge; "and the aristocrats have been swept away."

"Well, then, let it be Saint Cyr, if you wish it," suggested the old gentleman.

But this fastidious judge was not to be pleased even now.

"There are no Saints nowadays, 'cried he, knitting his bushy brows anew; "the old religion is abolished!"

"Well, I must be content, it seems, to be simply Cyr," said the much-enduring prisoner.

"'Sire' was the king's title," retorted the implacable judge, with a wolfish grin at his own jest, "and the king has been beheaded!"

"I give it up, then," said the accused, laughing in spite of himself. "You must settle it in your own way now, Citizen Judge, for you have cut me down so small that there is hardly enough of me left to be tried!"

But the joke, poor as it was, turned out a good one in the end for M. de Saint-Cyr, for the judge was so tickled at his own wit that he ended by letting him go free.

THE LAUGHING JACKASS.—The laughing jackass is a species of gigantic kingfisher, which, having been placed by one of nature's freaks in a country where there is almost no water and very few fish, carried the joke a degree further on his own account and turned his attention to the catching of snakes.

The bird derives the name from his note, which is a compound of the "hee-haw" of a jackass and the laugh of a hopeless maniac, with a few interjected gurgles like the sounds made by a man while strangling and the groans of a person afflicted with remorse.

There is an intelligence and evident vein of humor in the laughing jackass, who loves to approach you silently, regard you contemptuously for a season, and then let off his demoniacal note as near your ear as possible—after which he makes off expertly, cackling with derisive laughter as he goes.

His disgraceful familiarity with strangers is in part due to his devil-may-care character, and for the rest, to the fact that nobody molests him, and that his services in keeping the country free from superfluous snakes are encouraged by a fine of five dollars imposed upon anyone who kills him.

His manner of dealing with snakes is to pounce upon them, seize them by the back of the neck, fly with them wriggling to a great height, and drop them to the earth. The jackass is on the ground as quick as the snake, and if the latter still shows fight, repeats the operation until the serpent is ready to give up the ghost peaceably.

"HEMORRHAGE may take place from the kidneys or from the mucous membranes, particularly that of the nostrils." So writes T. Granger Stewart, M. D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Surgeon to H. M., the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease. Hence the only natural inference is that the kidneys must be restored to a healthy condition before its effects will disappear. Warner's Safe Cure is the most efficient agent for this purpose known to science.

MY HEART.

BY WM. W. LORD.

You have opened the long closed temple,
From the world sealed and set apart;
Was it worth the trial and trouble
To unlock this thing—my heart?

You have seen the inner chamber,
No eyes e'er saw save mine—
Under its dust-linèd curtain
See you aught that is divine?

Can you wake anew the music
On its silent, unstrung lyre?
Fill it with life and beauty,
And Love's pure, sacred fire?

Can you sweep, garner and cleanse it,
And make it perfect, complete?
And the fount of its bitter waters
Change to a pure spring sweet?

You have read its closest secrets,
You have seen it all laid bare;
Now, knowing all that you do,
Dare you enter and keep it there?

A MATTER OF DANCING.

Clisthenes, a tyrant, says the old Greek historian, Herodotus, had a beautiful daughter whom he resolved to marry to the most accomplished of the Greeks. Accordingly all the eligible young men of Greece resorted to the court of Sicyon to offer for the hand of the lovely Agarista. Among these, the most distinguished was Hippoclides, and the king decided to take him as his son-in-law.

Clisthenes had already invited the guests to the nuptial feast, and had slaughtered one hundred oxen to the gods to obtain a blessing on the union, when Hippoclides offered to exhibit the crown and climax of his many accomplishments.

He ordered a flute-player to play a dance tune, and when the musician obeyed, he (Hippoclides) began to dance before the king and court and guests, and danced to his own supreme satisfaction.

After the first bout, and he had rested awhile and recovered breath, he ordered a table to be introduced, and he danced figures on it, and finally set his head on the table and gesticulated with his legs.

When the applause had ceased, Clisthenes said—as the young man had reverted to his feet and stood expectantly before him—"You have danced very well, but I don't want a dancing son-in-law."

How we should like to know what Herodotus does not tell us, whether the tyrant was of a sour mind, objecting to dancing on principle, or whether he objected to the peculiar kind of dance performed by Hippoclides, notably that with his head on the table and his legs kicking in the air.

I do not think that such a thing existed at that period as puritanical objection to dancing, but that it was the sort of dance which offended Clisthenes.

Lucian, in one of his Dialogues, introduces a philosopher who reproaches a friend for being addicted to dancing, whereupon the other replies that dancing was of divine invention, for the goddess Rhea first composed set dances about the infant Jupiter to hide him from the eyes of his father Saturn, who wanted to eat him.

Moreover, Homer speaks with high respect of dancing, and declares that the grace and nimbleness of Merion in the dance distinguished him above the rest of the heroes in the contending hosts of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds that in Greece statues were erected to the honor of the best dancers, so highly was the art held in repute, and that Hesiod places on one footing valor and dancing when he says that "The gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a disposition for dancing!"

Lastly, he puts the philosopher in mind that Socrates not only admired the saltatory exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

On hearing this defence of dancing, the morose philosopher in Lucian's Dialogue professes himself a convert, and requests his friend to take him to the next subscription ball.

Steele, in the "Spectator," declared that "no one ever was a good dancer that had not a good understanding," and that it is an art whereby mechanically, so to speak, "a sense of good breeding and virtue are insensibly implanted in minds not capable of receiving it so well in any other rules."

I cannot help thinking that the dancing commended by the "Spectator," learned in old age by Socrates, and that in which the Greeks won the honor of statues, was something far removed from that which incurred the displeasure of Clisthenes, and lost Hippoclides the hand of his beautiful mistress.

The dance is not properly the spinning around of two persons of opposite sex in a waltz, hugging each other, and imitating the motion of a teetotum. The dance is an assemblage of graceful movements and figures performed by a set number of persons.

There is singular beauty in the dance proper. The eye is pleased by a display of graceful and changing outline by bringing into play the muscles of well-moulded limbs. But where many performers take part the enchantment is increased, just as part-singing is more lovely than solo-singing, for to the satisfaction derived from the graceful attitude of one performer is added that of the beautiful grouping.

A single well proportioned figure is a goodly sight; several well-proportioned figures in shifting groups, now in clusters, now swinging loose in wreaths, now falling into line, or circles, whilst an individual, or a pair, focus the interest, is very beautiful.

It is the change in a concert from chorus to solo: and when, whilst the single dance, projected into prominence, attracts the delighted eye, the rest of the dancers keep rhythmic motion, subdued, in simple change, the effect is exquisite. It is the accompaniment on a living instrument to a solo.

A correspondent recently gave an account of the Japanese ballet. He tells us that the Maikos or Japanese ballet-dancers are girls of from sixteen to eighteen years of age; they wear long fine silk dresses, natural flowers in their hair, and hold fans in their hands.

Their dance is perfectly decorus, exquisitely graceful, and of marvellous artistic beauty. It partakes of the nature of the minuet and the gavotte; it makes no violent demands on lungs and muscles; its object is to give pleasure to the spectators through the exhibition of harmony of lines, elegance of posture, beauty of dress, grace with which the folds of the long drapery fall, the play of light, and change of arrangement of color. It is a dance full of noble and stately beauty and has nothing in common with our ballet, with its extravagance and indelicacy, and—it must be added—inelegance. It is a play without words, and a feast of pure delight to the artistic eye.

Now all this beauty is taken from us. The waltz has invaded our ball-rooms and drives all other dances out of it. Next to the polka the waltz is the rudest and most elementary of step and figure dances; it has extirpated before it the lovely and intricate dances, highly artistic and of elaborate organization, which were performed a century ago, of which one was the country dance.

Grains of Gold.

A single grateful thought towards heaven is a perfect prayer.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; extreme culture to simplicity.

The feeling of gratitude has all the ardor of a passion in noble hearts.

Who keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

Satire often proceeds less from ill nature than from a desire of displaying wit.

We never injure our own character so much as when we attack those of others.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Calumny is the homage of our contemporaries, as some South Sea Islanders spit on those they honor.

The three things most difficult are—to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good of leisure.

The man that works at home help society at large with somewhat more certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.

Don't hurry. Don't fret. Don't worry. Whatever you have to do, do it with your might; but don't get into a fever about it.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes, faith for falsehood.

Man has evil as well as good qualities peculiar to himself. Drunkenness places him as much below the level of the brutes as reason elevates him above them.

A man, so to speak, who is not able to bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

Femininities.

To boast that we never coquet is a sort of coquetry.

Better make penitents by gentleness than hypocrites by severity.

A Belfast, Maine, woman has entered a machine shop to learn the trade.

A lady, describing an ill tempered man, said: "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

A pretty present for a gentleman is a long neck-tie case of silk or plush, with gold lettering or some floral design.

In a list of the twelve great women of the world there appears but one name of an American, that of Margaret Fuller.

Heartlessness and fascination, in about equal quantities, constitute the receipt for forming the character of a court coquette.

Miss Kate Sherman, a buxom Tennessee girl, met her father at the depot the other day and broke two of his ribs at a single hug.

Easily made scrap bags are fashioned of a gray silk handkerchief, with a drawing string run in such a way as to leave the four ends loose.

The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild flower which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing.

A paper advertises for "girls for cook ing." A contemporary replies: "You would like them raw, when you get accustomed to them."

A young lady in Portland, Me., has worked up a new business in which she is said to be doing well—that of reading to old or disabled persons.

A woman in Baltimore bled to death from a cut on the leg, caused by the breaking of a whisky bottle that she habitually carried in her stocking.

Miss Elite, rushing in: "Oh, ma, Clara Tiptop has eloped!" Mrs. Elite, fervently: "Thank Heaven! Now we won't have to send her any wedding present."

The only alternative. Maud: "And what will you do now, that poor Fiossie is gone?" Bird (mourning the demise of a favorite poodle)—"I shall marry."

Plush and tapestry coverings for fine furniture have had their day, for a time anyway, dealers say, and satin, both plain and brocaded, is taking their place.

"No, ma," said Madge, putting her foot down firmly, "I shall not wear my blue dress to be married in! I shall wear white for my wedding-dress or nothing!"

Bigley: "I understand your wife is sick." Bailey: "Yes; she hasn't spoken a word for three days." Bigley: "By gracious! She must be a pretty sick woman!"

A grocer of New York city says that many women start their fires with clothes-pins when they happen to be out of kindling-wood. For this reason the sale of clothes-pins is very large.

The man who picks up the trains at Queen Victoria's "drawing-rooms" is Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane. He has been manipulating trains over 40 years. He has become bent and worn in the service.

A nurse girl who was hired by a fashionable city lady to begin service the next week showed that she had experience by the inquiry, "Madam, is it a real baby or a poog dog that I must take care of?"

The Chicago woman who paid $10 000 for a cloak, has a double chin, pouting lips, a peaked nose, keen eyes, heavy brows and—short hair. Her hands are large; her feet are of a size unknown to the reportorial Chicagoan.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, and the origin of hysterics. You are right in thinking that this disease is in the imagination; you have defined it perfectly; it is vexation with cause to it to spring up, and fear that supports it.

Two sisters in Franklin, Ind., becoming angered at a young man because he deserted one of their family with whom he had been keeping company, followed him to his new girl's house, and there on the doorstep gave him a sound thrashing.

Mr. Kenwood: "I hear you are engaged to Mr. Tallboy." Miss South Park: "Who told you?" Mr. Kenwood: "I have forgotten, but I understand the information came from Jack himself." Miss South Park: "I wish he would tell me."

The average man has very little use for a smart woman. She is full of schemes and is ambitious to shine. Her disposition is anything but domestic, and she is not the most genial companion for a man whose mind is taken up with business affairs.

What is called "the very giddiest lamp" in London is reported to have been observed in the boudoir of a young woman of unquestionable station. The supports are the "grotesquely elongated legs of a pink-stockinged ballet girl, "the outspreading skirts forming the shade.

Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt wear silks especially designed and woven for them. Where they buy their things is never divulged by dealers, and the fashion of their gowns is profoundly guarded by their dressmakers from the knowledge of other women." So writes a New York correspondent.

Wife: "Oh, Henry, I'm ever so much obliged to you; my new bonnet came up this afternoon." Husband: "Did the bill come with it?" Wife, not comprehending: "I don't know whether it was Bill, Tom or Joe. It was a little fellow, with red hair." Husband: "Little, eh? Well, it wasn't bill."

A bridegroom who created a sensation in Ohio by failing to put in an appearance at the time fixed for his wedding, turned up some days later at his prospective wife's home with the explanation that he had been serving a week's sentence in jail for engaging in a little street fuss. It is doubtful now if the marriage takes place.

Masculinities.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

God made you, but you marry yourself.

Evil to him who laughs at woman's sufferings; God shall laugh at his prayers.

A life without love is a painted fire; in vain do you expect light and warmth.

O how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

A young fellow at Emporia, Kansas, pawned his gun to obtain a marriage license.

The lash that man does not object to have laid on his shoulders—The eyelash of a pretty girl.

The Prince of Wales now practices upon the banjo, or "California harp," as it is styled in his circle.

He is the best gentleman that is the son of his own deserts, and not the degenerated heir of another's virtue.

Probably the most wide-awake class of men in this country are the young fathers who have been blessed with twins.

The man "who knows everything" is a great blessing in company where all the others are modest and unassuming.

Young man, it is a great deal better to be counted "close" or even "stingy" than to run in debt or depend upon others.

An old bachelor says that marriage was instituted for no other purpose than to prevent one from sleeping diagonally in the bed.

Bashful young man: "Ahem—Sally—ahem—" Sally, encouragingly: "Well, George?" "Sally, do you s'pose your ma would be willin' to be my mother-in-law?"

With regard to manner, be careful to speak in a soft, tender, kind and loving way. Even when you have occasion to rebuke, be careful to do it with manifest kindness.

The regulation professional garb of English physicians and surgeons is the high hat—black in winter, drab or white in summer—and always a dark frock or morning coat.

Riches and happiness are not twin born. Stephen Girard, being congratulated on his comfortable position in life as a millionaire, replied, "I merely have bread, lodging and raiment."

If a doctor is married the young women won't call him, and if he is single it is not believed by the married ones that he can be trusted in critical moments; therefore, what is the poor doctor to do?

A Maine hunter says: "If you are lost in the woods, shout and then fire your gun; if you fire the gun and then shout you will give the impression that there is murder or something of that sort."

John Bright used to say that in one important respect a dog is superior to a man. When a man is utterly out of everything he gives up; but a dog simply curls up and so continues to make both ends meet.

"Do you ever go to bed with cold feet?" asked the medical man. "No, sir," said the patient. "How do you manage it?" "Oh, I just lay down the law." "What do you mean?" "Why, I never have cold feet myself, and I won't let her get into bed till hers are warm also."

Beware of drunkenness, lest all good men beware of thee; where drunkenness reigns, there reason is an exile, virtue a stranger, God an enemy; blasphemy is wit, oaths are rhetoric, and secrets are proclamations. Noah discovered that in one hour, drunk, which, sober, he kept secret 600 years.

A correspondent attributes his new crop of hair to the frequent use of the yolk of an egg. After rubbing his head thoroughly with the yolk he rinsed it off with tepid water, and he advises others becoming bald to follow exactly the same course. He thinks the treatment effections because of the sulphur in the egg.

Said Mr. Justice Stephen, of England, alluding to the case of a defendant who sought to escape liability for certain expenditure by throwing the blame of ordering it upon his wife: "That is a very old excuse. I often felt that Adam—I mean—that is—well, I have always wished to hear Eve's account of that transaction."

Ethereal wife, rapturously: "Oh, George! Mrs. Van Doremi has bought the elegant sapphires which have been on exhibition at Tiffanny's. She paid $12 000 for them. Oh, darling! I never before or since have seen such a rich blue as they are!" Husband: "If you could have seen Mr. Van Doremi, as I did, just after his wife told him of her purchase you would not say that, dearest. He was infinitely more blue than the sapphires."

A little, rosy cheeked girl, having a shipping tag tied to a buttonhole, arrived at the Union Depot in Kansas City, on a recent morning. She was Rena Dawson, of Maysville, Ky., 9 years of age, on her way to her aunt's in San Francisco. When asked why she was going so far alone she is reported to have said: "Papa's got a new mamma now. She doesn't like Renie, and papa said that auntie would take good care of me, just like poor mamma."

A man having married a woman who had already had four husbands, was asked why he became the fifth. He said, "I am of an adventurous disposition, and having heard that her first husband ran away, that the second hung himself, the third shot himself, and the fourth drowned himself, I wanted to try my luck and see what would become of me; and I'm afraid," he added, with a sigh, "that I shan't have the pluck to do what any of my predecessors did."

Benjamin Franklin, being in company once with three gardeners who were notorious liars, and wanting to experiment a little in human nature, promised to reward the one who should tell him the greatest lie. The first said that he never had told a lie; the second averred that he could not tell one; the third candidate, however, proved himself the best adept in the art, and obtained the prize, for he assured the philosopher that both his competitors had just told him the truth.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery for May is as usual filled with the best of reading and pictures for the little ones. Published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston.

The *Woman's World* for May contains a number of articles of both a practical and entertaining character, including among others: "Women Wearers of Men's Clothes," by Mrs. Crawford; 'Sedan Chairs," by Allen S. Cole;" "A Few Words About Florida," by Iza Duffs Hardy; "Scent and Scent-Bottles," by Miss E. Hathaway; and "The Gymnasium for Girls," by Mrs. L. Ormiston Chant. They are all handsomely illustrated. The latest fashions are also fully set forth, and the editor, Oscar Wilde, as usual contributes some interesting literary notes. The frontispiece to this is "A Lady of the Eighteenth Century." Published by Messers. Cassell & Co., New York.

The notable features of *The Popular Science Monthly* for May are: continuation of Dr. Andrew White's remarkable chapters on "The Warfare of Science," this time dealing with "Diabolism and Hysteria;" "Agnosticism," replies of Rev. Dr. Henry Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough to Prof Huxley—both exceedingly hard nuts for the agnostic professor to crack; second paper on "Glass-Making," by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson, this time giving "The History of a Picture Window," illustrated "Marking on Mars," by Garrett P. Servias, is a curious and interesting illustrated paper. Among other valuable papers are: "The Beet-Sugar Industry," by A. H. Almy; "Convict Island of Brazil," by J. C. Branner; "Science at Mugby School," by Dr. J. E. Taylor: 'Eggs in Chemistry and Commerce," by R. L. Simmonds; "Desert of Gobi and the Himalayas," by Lieut. F. E Younghusband; sketch of Rudolf Clausius, with a frontispiece. Appleton & Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the May *St. Nicholas* is a charming drawing by Mary Hallock Foote. Joel Chandler Harris, in concluding "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," introduces a characteristic "Uncle Remus" story. Sarah Orne Jewett continues "A Bit of Color," and Octave Thanet notes the amusing features of an amateur representation of "The Land of Nod" on a plantation. Mrs. Catherwood concludes her Canadian serial, and Mrs. Wickham continues her notices of dogs belonging to well-known Americans. "An Old Quarrel," by Frances Courtnay Baylor, is a sparkling dialogue between the snowflake and the blade of grass. Boys will be strongly attracted by E H. Barbour's biography of a two-headed turtle, and will share with their sisters keen enjoyment of the mischievous 'Cuff, the Orphan Bear cub," and also of the stirring story "La Tour d'Auvergne." Besides these, there are pictures, poems and other interesting articles in plenty. The Century Co., New York.

The May *Electic* presents many interesting features. Mr. Edward Whymper has a strong exposition of the Panama Canal and the causes of its failure. Mme Blaye de Bury gives us a scathing study of French literature under the title of "The Decadence of Thought in France." The Imperial Succession of Austria, is the subject of an able paper by J. D. Bouchier, and Prof. Goldwin Smith has a very interesting article on prohibitionism, as shown in recent agitations in the United States and Canada. A brilliant and scathing paper is that by Robert Buchanan on "The Modern Young Man as Critic" Dr. Ware replies to Prof. Huxley in this number with a keenness of logic which will excite much attention. Alex. Innes Shand discourses on "The Pleasures of Sickness," and Mr. H. H. Johnson, the distinguished African explorer, has a powerful article on the usefulness of foreign missions. The other papers cover a wide variety of topics, and all are charmingly written. E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for May presents an unusually interesting table of contents. The complete novel is furnished by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, author of "Princess Amelie," "Salvage," etc. The scene of the story is laid in France, during the stirring and extremely interesting times which immediately preceded and followed the great French Revolution. Anna Catharine Green, author of that famous novel, "The Leavenworth Case," and of other clever detective stories, contributes a powerful tale, told in verse, of mediæval Spain. Moncure D. Conway furnishes some correspondence, hitherto unpublished, between George Washington and Rev. Jonathan Boucher. Another timely article entitled "Washington's New York Residence in 1789," is by Anne A. Wharton. A clever article "The Incredibility of History," "How I Made My Autograph Album," by Edward W. Bok, shows what perseverance and brains can accomplish even in this much-trodden field. Several other articles in prose and verse make up a readable number.

"WILL the educated woman marry?" is a question under discussion in some of the magazines. That depends. If her education makes her bright, pleasant, entertaining and sensible she will marry, provided a man worth having is within reach. But if her education makes her critical, dogmatic and pedantic, she will not marry, for the simple reason that no man will ask her. All women ought to be well educated.

OH, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Poxzoni's Complexion Powder.

PUTTING ONE'S FOOT IN IT.

"I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it," was the curious complaint of some unlucky wight, who might have received consolation had he reflected on the number of offenders that daily keep him comp ny.

A child may often be expected to put his or her heedless little foot in it, as the phrase goes. For instance, a youngster one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing.

At the table his hostess anxiously inquired:

"Charley, can you cut your own meat?"

"Humph!" said the youngster, who was sawing away; "can't I? I've cut just as tough meat as this at home."

People who are destitute of tact might take warning from such juvenile malaprops, but such does not often appear to be the case, judging by the numerous examples to the contrary.

A millionaire railway-king has a brother who is hard of hearing, while he himself has a very prominent nose.

Once this railway-king dined at a friend's house where he sat between two young ladies, who talked to him very loudly, rather to his annoyance, but he said nothing. Finally, one of them shouted a commonplace, and said in an ordinary tone to the other:

'Did you ever see such a nose in all your life?"

"Pardon me, ladies," said the millionaire; "it is my brother who is deaf!"

We can imagine the horror of the lady who indulged in such personal remarks; she was no more awkwardly placed than the hero of the following. When dining at a certain castle a Mr. T——, after the ladies had retired, remarked to a gentleman present that the lady who had sat on his right was the ugliest woman he had ever seen.

"I am sorry to hear," said the gentleman, "that you think my wife so ill-looking."

"Oh, no, sir; I meant the lady on my left; I made a mistake."

"Well, sir, she is my sister."

Alluding to newspapers, it may be remarked that advertisers and unpractised writers therein, through ambiguity of words and phrases often commit absurdities that may be touched on as further illustrating our subject.

A country paper one related how "during the celebration a child was run over wearing a short red dress, which never spoke afterwards."

In the description of the doings of a mad dog, it is said that "he bit a horse on the leg which has since died."

An account of a funeral says: "The remains were committed to that bourne from which no traveler returns attended by his friends."

It is not surprising that foreigners sometimes fail to catch all the shades of meaning belonging to our words.

A Frenchman translated Shakespeare's line, "Out, brief candle," by, "Get out, you short candle." And the expression, "With my sword I will carve my way to fortune," was rendered, "With my sword I will make my fortune cutting meat."

Advertisers often give us amusing specimens of composition, of which this is an example:

"Lost by a poor lad tied up in brown paper with a white string a German flute with an overcoat on and several other articles of wearing apparel."

A powder for destroying vermin by saying, "A fortnight ago I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

The lecturer put his foot in it thoroughly when he prefaced his discourse upon the rhinoceros with, "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention; indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you could form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak, unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."

A certain preacher discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming, "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans."

Another clergyman pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

Still more curious was the clerical slip with which we conclude. A gentleman said to the minister, "When do you expect to see Deacon S—— again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

VERY SENSITIVE MEN.—"You've lost him for good this time," said the boss barber to one of his shavers as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Yes, but I forgot."

"That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business you must go."

"What's the trouble?" queried the reporter of the boss.

"He didn't brush the man's head."

"But his head was bald as a bone."

"Certainly, and that's why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed men are very sensitive: you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness.

"And won't that man return?"

"Never. He'll try some other shop next time, and will even advise his friends to keep away from here."

Remember the Divine saying. "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life."

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

A curious story of coincidence is related by a well-known living poet, as having occurred to himself and sister, while visiting a remote valley in Switzerland some years ago, the circumstances of which are substantially as follows:

While strolling about one evening to admire the calm and repose of the valley which lay spread out before them, their talk unaccountably turned to the subject of murder, and each began to speculate as to what their first impulse would be if they should be so unfortunate as to find the body of a murdered man in the wood.

Continuing in this strain, the brother and sister talked until they reached the hotel, when the matter was dropped.

Mr. X. (the poet) applied for the use of a carriage the next morning, and was referred to the landlord, who informed them that it would be impossible for them to have the two horses intended for their carriage, as one of them was wanted to bring in the body of a man, found early that morning, murdered, at the head of the valley.

Questioning him, Mr. X. learned that, in all probability, the murder had been committed very soon after the conversation of the evening before.

On visiting the spot where the body had been discovered, it was found to be the identical place, where, on the previous evening, they had stood speculating as to what they should do in case of such an event.

To heighten the dramatic effect of the coincidence, they were told that no crime of violence, so far as known, had ever before been committed in that valley.

The fact that the mind of the poet should have turned to such a subject just at that time partakes of the nature of a presentiment, and the coincidence is certainly one of the most peculiar on record.

Perhaps the most astonishing coincidence of any we might mention, and at the same time one perfectly authentic, is related by a well-known writer.

"I was walking," says he, "on my way down town, with a neighbor who was going the same way, when my companion, for no apparent cause, suddenly changed the subject on which we were chatting, by an inquiry concerning a common acquaintance, who had disappeared out of our lives several years before, and whom I knew he held in special detestation. . . . My friend had heard of him the year before in San Francisco, and later as somewhere in Europe. 'And there is no man,' he went on to say, 'that I should more heartily enjoy knocking down, if he would only give me the provocation.' We had at that instant reached a certain street, where, suddenly turning the corner, one of the passing crowd came straight into collision with my friend, slipped upon a spot of ice as he struggled to keep his balance, and fairly measured his length upon the pavement. I turned to pick up the hat of the fallen man, when I felt myself grasped by the arm by my friend, who whispered, 'By Jove! don't you see it's the very man, and I've done it, after all!' Sure enough, it was the distant traveler; who had turned up to be knocked down, so to speak, by a coincidence.

DOMESTIC WET BLANKETS.—It frequently happens that the man who is brilliant and pleasing in society is morose and taciturn at home—a veritable wet blanket.

"Hush, children; papa is coming!" cries out the poor, anxious mother, when the steps of husband and father are heard; and the silence which instantly follows tells its own eloquent story.

Yet men of this type, because they have no positive vices, look upon themselves as model husbands and fathers, not understanding that they deprive the home circle of all the little pleasures which make life happy.

No unequal struggle is more courageous, says a well-known writer, than the effort of a middle-aged wife to conceal from herself that the amiable lover of her prime, her Gratiano, so gay, so airy, speaking his infinite deal of nothing, is converted into the silent boor of her meridian.

He makes his weariness a fortress, intrenched behind which he may comfortably and safely defy all conjugal and social claims; while she turns her fatigue into a means of grace, reproves herself for self indulgence in longing to yield to it, and goes out to do the social duty that cannot be shirked, or lie reading or working in the room with her oppressor, infinitely lonely in either case.

It is right that a man should secure a competence for wife and child, who without him might eat the bitter bread of poverty.

But if he cheats their present of all that makes it worth having, for the sake of a future that may never come, he is guilty of a folly that is cruelty. They are dependent on him for their daily joys as much as for their daily bread. To supply the one, he has no right to pretend to himself that he may stint the other.

WE should accustom ourselves to view those above us without admiration or envy, and never look upon those below us with contempt. Little souls fall down and worship grandeur, without reflecting that admiration is due only to virtue and goodness.

AN honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

THE ONLY TRUE R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The most certain and safe Pain Remedy in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great

CONQUERER OF PAIN

and has done more good than any known remedy.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For COLDS, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF BACK, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS or STOMACH, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

WITH RADWAY'S PILLS THERE IS NO BETTER CURE OR PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE.

Price 50c per bottle. Sold by druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

FOR THE CURE OF **SCROFULA,**

And Other Constitutional Diseases.

Builds up the Broken Down Constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor.

Sold by druggists. $1.00 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

HER HERO.

"Have you ever?" I asked,
Of sweet Doll, as we basked
In the flood of the moon's pale glory—
"Have you ever met him
Who quite suited your whim
As the hero of your love story?"

"There's a man," Doll replied—
And I thought that she sighed,
Tho' her lips wore a smile arch and merry—
"Who might do very well,
If it weren't—don't tell—
He is so far above me—so very!

"But his name?" I implored,
For sweet Doll I adored,
And to think of her loving above her
Was the bitterest blow
That could fall, don't you know?
On a young and a passionate lover.

"As for that," Doll laughed—
And I saw that she chaffed
With the mag-froid of a romancer—
"I've not heard, you see,
He's just known to me
As the man in the moon," was her answer.

—U. N. NONE.

Irredeemable bonds—Vagabonds.

A stand for the write—The inkstand.

The less head a man has the more frequently he loses it.

It must be the spur of the moment that makes time go so fast.

The time to buy another umbrella—Just after you have lent one.

To cure deafness—Tell a man you've come to pay him money.

How to cure a cold—First catch your cold; then proceed as with bacon.

What's the difference between a turnkey and a jeweler?"—One watches cells and the other sells watches.

"Anything to please the child," as the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out at the third-story window.

"How do you do, little boy?" "Got a cold in my head." "Oh, I guess not. What makes you think so?" "'Cause my eyes leak and my nose don't go."

A man in a Western town hauled 800 cart-loads of dirt in one month, and the booming editor published it as "800 transfers of real estate for the month."

Brown, speaking of Robinson to Jones the other day, said "his virtues may be summed up in a single line." "Certainly," replied Jones, "if there is a noose at the free end."

"What is it they're hollering all over the store?" asked the old granger. "Cash," replied the clerk. "Humph!" growled the granger, in disgust; "why don't they vary it by sayin' 'gosh' sometimes?"

Diner-out: "Waiter, how's this? I have just discovered a collar button in my soup." Waiter: "Yes, sah, you is de lucky man. We has prize soup on Mondays an' Wednesdays. A haresome gift to every twentieth plate, sah."

An execution was lately attended by the sheriff and jury, with a few friends. The clergyman in his prayer hoped that the awful punishment would have its effects upon those present, by inducing them to forsake their evil ways.

Physician: "Your husband is quite delirious and seems utterly out of his mind. Has he recognized any one to-day?" Wife: "Oh, yes; he called me a dragon this morning, and he constantly speaks of the governess as an angel."

"Ma," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby; I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma!" replied Bobby emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

A broom is not a watch, and yet it is notorious that broomstick. This flippant fancy may be developed in many ways; thus one may insist that riddles tick; that you can make a bed tick; that a tack ticks; that some sheep tick, and even that gum, alas! ticks.

A youth, repentant, but incoherent, over his dissipation, signed the following pledge: "I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating beverages, otherwise than as a drink, and profanity, unless prescribed by a physician, at least four times a day, excepting cider."

A Socialist remarked, "That the dearest ship in the whole world was friendship. Whereupon a young man rose from amongst the congregation, and stated that he knew another dearer ship still, and that was courtship! He had once been defendant in a claim for breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Small: "Mr. Brown, let me introduce you to this gentleman here, who is a brother of mine, and also to this elderly gentleman, who is a father of mine." Mr. Brown: "Thank you; I've met several of your brothers, but I think this is the first one of your fathers whose acquaintance I have formed."

Two very dirty tramps were arrested the other night and locked up. "Where do you live?" asked the justice the next morning of the older tramp. "Nowhere!" was the surly reply. "And where do you live?" he asked of the younger tramp. "I've got the room above him," was the retort. "I'll give you 30 days in the workhouse to prepare to move your residence," said the court.

MORE CURES OF BAD COLDS AND COUGHS have been effected by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, than by all other remedies I sell. It is a popular remedy with us, and constantly growing in favor. Mr. JAMES MCMAHN, Watsontown, Northumberland County, Pa.

THE "WANT" COLUMNS.—The following are said to be genuine advertisements from different prominent newspapers:

Wanted, a hostler. Must also be a hustler.

A wealthy but invalid gentleman, a great sufferer from gout and corpulence, having been ordered by his physicians to pay stricter attention to his diet, would like to engage a first-class gastronomical director.

A lady who has just taken a house in the suburban portion of the town would like to purchase a young calf, not over five years of age, which would yield about two pounds of liver daily.

Five Dollars Reward—Stolen or strayed, a dude who answers to the name of Cholly. Was last seen following a female member of a burlesque troupe. The above reward will be paid to anyone returning it to its keeper.

A first-class tenor, employed week nights in Pat Brady's concert saloon, not caring to be idle on Sunday, will accept engagement in some church choir for that day only.

For sale, a revolver, bowie knife and fine head of hair. Reason for selling, owner in reduced circumstances. Address Cowboy.

A butcher wanted. Second-rate actors need make no application.

Wanted, by a well-known temperance lecturer, a reformed burglar; also, frightful example. Applicants must bring references as to sobriety and previous good character.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.—What a little way we are after all from the dark ages! How many readers are aware that it is only 100 years since the last criminal was burned at the stake in London—and that criminal a woman? Here is the account of that event which a correspondent has sent: "On the 18th of March, 1789, nine wretches were executed at Newgate—four for burglary, one for theft, and three men and one woman for coining. After the men were 'turned off,' as the phrase went, the wretched woman was brought out tied to a stake, and burned to ashes after the form of strangling her had been gone through by removing the stool whereon she stood and throwing her weight on the cord which bound her throat to the stake. Christiana Murphy was the last woman burned alive in London, though possibly a later victim may have been executed in some country town."

WASH YOUR HANDS.—Cases of infection to be accounted for in no other way, have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door knobs, banisters, car straps, and a hundred things every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, small pox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large.

Before eating or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to goodliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.

A POINTER.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones.

Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a startling story of, say—wolves, we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let is commence like this:

Patter! Patter! Patter!

There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter. "Wolves," whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to this insidious encroachment. If your back aches, if your eyesight is failing, if your appetite is fickle, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous.

Had the traveler not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out.

IMPEACHMENT OF WOMEN.—An irreconcilable bachelor thus goes after lovely women: "I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut, without his permission, she has stealthily and without honor assumed. I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of her head and neck. I impeach her in the name of the kangaroo, whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon herself the Grecian bend, has brought into ill-favor and disrepute." Here the old fellow heaved a sigh, and heaved himself overboard.

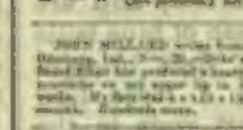
THERE brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to each other, recently went into the same barber's shop, and on the same day, to be shaved—one going in the morning, the other at noon, and the third at night. When the last one appeared, the barber, who was a German, dropped his razor in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Vell, dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw! I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash."

He who never gives advice, and he who never takes it, are alike unworthy of friendship.

75 CARDS. [illegible]

LADY AGENTS. Free SAMPLES. Quick Sales. Large Profits. Cincinnati Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O

987 [illegible]



PENSIONS $86,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. ☞ No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial

SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

H. G. OESTERLE,

No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium" for a number of years, I cheerfully testify to its efficacy in removing dandruff and preventing the hair from falling out. It also renders the hair soft and lustrous.

MRS. M. L. HARDT,
No. 328 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1883.

Having used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past fifteen years, I cheerfully recommend it as a valuable preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleaning the scalp, and efficacious in case of nervous headache.

MRS. J. C. UHLE,
No. 613 Pine Street.

It gives me great pleasure to give my testimony as to the value of "Dollard's Herbanium." I have used nothing else on my head for thirty years, and feel sure I owe to its use the perfectly healthy state of my scalp and hair.

MRS. J. W. LODGE,
Merion Station, Montgomery Co., Pa.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract" for the past ten or twelve years, and have found it a most excellent "Tonic" for the hair, having cleansing and invigorating properties of a very high order.

Respectfully,
LEWIS S. COX.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

LOST VIGOR RESTORED!

Functional Disorders Corrected. Nervous Prostration, Sexual Debility, Impotency Atrophy, Premature Decline, Unnatural Emissions, Organic Decay, etc., with attending evils, from whatever cause, are quickly and permanently cured by Dr. R. F. CATON'S XXX VITAL RESTORERS. A Legitimate Specific without an offensive feature. Immediate relief and final cure complete is guaranteed. Sold only by Dr. R. F. CATON, Box 5357, Boston, Mass. Package by mail, $1; 6 for $5. Sealed information free to all.

A SUFFERER from errors of youth, wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address Jas. C. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,

DEALER IN

CARPETINGS.

930 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

"The Handy Binder."

Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy or the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2 00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Color is the strong point in spring fashions, loud, strong, vivid, but toned down, so as to leave something to be imagined; even cachemires and woollen goods are as expensive as silk, owing to the coloring.

The new bonnets are a perfect puzzle to describe, owing to the artistic arrangement of the flowers. Violets had the leaves towering above the blossoms, as if a clump of them had been dug up in natural style to decorate the bonnet. Primroses looked ghastly in the gaslight, but blended with the green of the straw. Hops seemed dangling on a natural vine and hung down the back of the hair of the wearer, looking as if still growing. Tulips, hyacinths, marguerites, small sunflowers, cocquelicots, the blue corn flower, wild roses, snapdragons, apple blossoms and lilies of the valley seemed the most popular floral decorations for hats.

The prettiest dresses have embroideries of Greek, English, French, Indian, Egyptian, of all colors and all kinds. The artistic beauty of these robes really reaches veritable elegance.

The draperies are classic and the sleeves long and flowing, caught at the shoulder with a butterfly bow and long streamers. Happy is the woman who possesses an heirloom of lace a hundred years old; now is the moment to display it. Meissonier satin, called after the great artist, is worthy of rich garniture. Accordion pleatings are used on petticoats. Corselet bodices are in vogue and of two colorings and two materials, filled in with tulle at the neck, all studded over with brilliants and jewels. White crepe de Chine petticoats are trimmed with glistening seed pearls or floral garniture; over these petticoats are worn striped moire redingotes.

Irish poplin of a creamy white has flowers so natural that one feels tempted to pluck them, and the stem of the rose has ugly thorns. The flowers seem upset or carelessly thrown upon the white groundwork. Another affectation is to wear black Chantilly lace petticoats, trimmed with roses or violets. Over this petticoat is worn a velvet Princess with long train of leather or mastic color, cut as if molded to the figure. The vest is of Louis XIII period. The front of the petticoat only is seen, and is of some delicate pattern of black Chantilly lace over a pale pink silk. If the floral garniture be roses they are perfumed; if violets, they too send forth their odor. The trains to dinner dresses have floral decorations, and are very narrow. At the afternoon "at homes" ladies get themselves up in gorgeous toilets of silk, embroidered or covered with tulle or gold-threaded gauzes, or rich satin and silk reps, made with double vests of Louis XIV period. Evening corsages grow more V shaped, and it is found that a slight net or covering to neck and arms adds to the beauty of the toilet, and brings out, if cleverly draped, a pretty arm.

A new drapery of lace from each shoulder, droops to the very ground, where it is caught up by a butterfly or a nosegay—very classic. Waists grow shorter and are rendered so by tying the sash in the back in huge bows which reach to the shoulder blades. The concert or theatre jackets (entirely new) are marvels of beauty, being made from Oriental stuffs or copies from them dating back to inspirations of the "Arabian Nights." No one knows exactly where they came from or why they are called Oriental. The designer must have been inspired by Oriental dreams, for they have golden threads running through, making the goods to look like sunrise, sunset or a succession of suns on satin or silk ground. One little jacket was of green satin, and all over it was a design of little feathers, which might have been plucked from some wild bird. Another was made of goods which—for lack of name—resembled flames of lightning all over it.

The spring silks are studies. The tint of green is natural yet delicate, and some represent wild rushes, others most natural looking ferns or small clover leaves. Orchids run wild over delicate ashes of rose colored ground, and the new foulards carry us back to Dolly Varden times, they are so floral in design. The spider web is a favorite pattern on blue ground. Coarse washed net, with velvet run through the holes, is used for overdresses. Spangles appear in ivory and silver and iridescent shimmer over tulle.

Hats would take hours to chat about. White felt ones are the most elegant for lovers of large ones, and they are immense in size. As bonnets grow smaller, hats increase in form, trimmings and size. They are covered with lace and bows, and turn up at the side or back, as becomes the style of the wearer. The Fanchon hat is yellow and of straw, lined with roses and crowned with roses. The Grenge hat is of straw, draped with yellow crepe, and trimmed with black feathers in tufts. The Alsatian bow bonnet of white tulle and black velvet Alsatian bow, wonderfully becoming to a fresh young face.

Matrons like the gray tulle bonnets with the coronet bow. Gold is mingled with all hat trimmings, and velvet Jacqueminot roses climb around the brim and crown of black lace hats. Pink coral is coming into favor for scarf pins, and has always been used for parasol handles. The new parasol handles contain a fan.

In some instances the strictly correct shape of the princess dress is modified and a little fulness introduced, especially when the material is a light woolen or silk material. Thus, a dress for a young lady is of almond-green veiling and drogueline of the same color, brocaded with a silk pattern of streaks and dots to match.

The skirt of the figured material falls plain at the back, but in front it is quite short, and falls in plaits at the sides, showing an underskirt trimmed with two slightly gathered flounces of the plain blue veiling. The bodice is of the drogueline; plain back, fronts gathered and crossed over the chest; the opening is filled in with a plastron of finely plaited blue veiling. A full lace collarette goes round the neck. The sleeves are full and puffed up at the shoulder, then from under the elbow they become quite plain and narrow, and are buttoned at the wrist. A sash of blue faille is crossed over at the waist, then brought forward again and tied in a loose bow rather low down, with short ends in the middle of the front.

A very pretty walking dress had an underskirt of green brocbe. The bodice was of brocbe and the other side of folds of cashmere fastened at the side of the waist with an oxidized clasp. The sleeves, collar and pocket were of velvet.

Another walking dress was of terra cotta cashmere, trimmed with panels of maize and terra-cotta fancy striped silk. The bodice of cashmere has a full vest of marvellieux, edged with bands of the fancy silk.

Another was of reseda summer cloth, braided with black; chemisette of cream surah, long loops and ends of black moire ribbon at the side.

In two shades of soft grayish-green, a very becoming walking costume is of light drap-de-dame and French faille. The underskirt is of faille of the lighter shade of green, plaited fan fashion on the left side. The upperskirt of cloth is arranged in treble plaits at the back, and almost plain in front, and remains open over the plaited faille skirt at the side. The front part of the cloth skirt is trimmed at the foot with a delicate wreath in braid and silk embroidery, which is continued along the edge of the opening on the left side about half way up to the waist. The bodice is almost round, with only a very slight point in the middle of the back. It is quite plain, and opens in the front with two long, narrow revers, embroidered like the skirt, over a plastron of finely plaited faille. There is no sash, only a narrow band across the foot of the plastron. The sleeve is plaited at the shoulder, but quite plain and narrow in the lower part, and finished with a deep embroidered facing.

Odds and Ends.

THE COOKING OF VEGETABLES.

A hot-weather refresher is a dish of thinly-sliced tomatoes, seasoned with pepper, salt and sugar; crushed ice being laid over it just before serving. A tasty morsel is frequently concocted from minced game, a little good gravy, and sliced tomatoes, baked in a pie-dish. Sometimes macaroni is added to the rest.

Tomato Salad must not be overlooked. The dressing of hard-boiled eggs, vinegar, oil, and the usual condiments, made thick, receive the addition of a lump of ice, stirred in long enough to make it very cold. The thinner the tomatoes are sliced, the better the salad will be. The dish is then set upon ice until required.

Celery Salad is made in the same way; the choicest and crispest morsels being chosen. It should be prepared just before it is eaten, or the vinegar will detract from the crispness.

Tomatoes, as well as many other vegetables, are very delicious *fried* in batter.

A true French method of cooking cauliflowers is to divide them into pieces of an equal size; parboiling, then dipping them, when cold, into thick batter, and frying them to a delicate brown. Celery and asparagus are particularly good this way. A reliable recipe for French batter, for vegetables, is as follows:—Dissolve two ounces of butter in a quarter-pint of hot water; add the same quantity of cold water to make it lukewarm, then mix it with half a pint of fine flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Lastly, add the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth.

Cauliflower a la Francaise is very nice; the vegetable is divided before boiling, then arranged in the dish to resemble one large one. It is covered with good melted butter, with which a little lemon-juice has been mixed. The same dish makes its frequent appearance in France with a thick layer of grated cheese—Parmesan as a rule—over the melted butter. A coating of bread-crumbs covers it, with liquified butter poured over. A few minutes in the oven completes it.

Vegetable marrows do duty on the Continent as cases for vegetables of many kinds. For instance, small marrows are boiled as usual, then cut in half lengthwise, a slice being taken from each to make it stand even in the dish. The seeds and soft part are removed, and the inside filled with a rich mince of vegetables: turnips, carrots, celery or cauliflowers; or a mixture of any kinds in season, which may be stewed in gravy or white sauce, or as is often the case, curried. The top should be garnished with parsley and boiled beetroot, when the effect is very pretty.

We would urge on our readers the great advantage they would derive by cooking vegetables (the cabbage family excluded) in butter, instead of water, thus retaining, instead of throwing away, the greater part of the flavor and nutriment. The cost and trouble are not great, and the result—well, we ask any housekeeper to try the plan and judge for herself.

Turnips or parsnips should be peeled and thinly sliced, and to each pound add about three ounces of butter; set on the range where they will cook thoroughly and gradually, and, when nearly done, season nicely, adding, if liked, chopped parsley. The French put in a few drops of lemon-juice as well.

Carrots, unless very young, had better be parboiled; but quite small ones may be cooked in this way. The same process—it goes without saying—may be adopted for green peas; they require three or four ounces of butter to a quart of peas, measured after shelling. The addition of a teaspoonful of white sugar, a quarter ditto of salt, a sprig of mint, completes this dish, a truly delicious one if the peas are young.

A nice way to cook French or kidney beans is to boil them in water in the usual way for about five minutes, then to finish the cooking as above, adding a spoonful of lemon-juice and a sprinkling of white pepper just before serving. Some cooks like the addition of minced parsley, and either the peas or beans may be moistened with gravy or stock thickened a little.

Banana Cake.—Bake as many layer cakes as desired, having cut bananas in thin slices; prepare cream by sweetening, whipping and flavoring. Place slices of bananas between the cake, then pour the cream over each layer.

Coffee Cake.—Two cups of sugar, three eggs, one cup butter, half-cup molasses, one cup strong coffee, one cup water, one cup each raisins and currants, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one of allspice, two teaspoons baking powder, and flour to make a stiff batter. Bake two hours.

Raisin Pudding.—One cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one half-cup of molasses, two cups flour, two eggs, one half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; steam an hour.

Graham Cake.—One cup sour cream, two cups of Graham flour, two eggs, one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt and cinnamon if preferred. Use less soda if the cream is not sour.

Ginger Snaps.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter (part lard or beef dripping may be used), set on the fire and let it boil up, then add one teaspoon of ginger, one teaspoon of cinnamon, two eggs, a little nutmeg, salt and one tablespoon of soda, scant, dissolved in a full teaspoon of vinegar, flour to make stiff enough to roll out; cut in thin, round cakes and bake in a moderate oven. This will make sixty.

OLD Mr. Hayseed (to his son Johnny, aged 18, who has just returned from a visit to his uncle's people in New York)—"I hope, Johnny, you did not neglect attending the sanctuary regularly while you were in New York?" Johnny—"You bet I didn't. I went to a sacred concert every Sunday evening." Old Hayseed—"I'm glad to hear, Johnny, that you didn't forget the religious training I've given you at home."

Confidential Correspondents.

MAUDE.—Coldness of the hand is generally a sign of health.

BISHOP.—Federal Judges and the commissioned officers of the army, navy and marine corps hold their offices during life or good behavior.

GLOOMY.—Widowers go into society at a much earlier date than widows. It is a received rule that gentlemen in mourning return to their social duties much earlier than ladies.

ECLIPSE.—There is no train in the world that averages a mile a minute, including stops, but there are many that average higher than a mile a minute between stations over long distances.

B. A. B.—"Tammany" takes its title from a noted chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians named Tammany, who had been canonized by the soldiers of the Revolution (for want of a better subject) as an American patron saint.

ROSE.—If you believe the gentleman to be sincere, and you are inclined to regard him favorably, do not throw the cold water of assumed indifference on his attentions. Bear in mind the homely adage about the moth and the flame.

NON PLUS.—The individual States have striven to encourage tree-planting by appointing a certain day in the year to be known as "Arbor Day," for the voluntary planting of trees by some people, and the interest has been widened by inducing the pupils of the public schools to take part in the observance.

OKLAHOMA.—The homestead laws give the right to 160 acres of $1.25 lands, or to 80 acres of $2.50 lands, to any citizen or applicant for citizenship over 21 who will settle upon and cultivate the land. The only charges are fees and commissions, varying from $7 to $34, for the whole tract entered, according to the size, value or place of record.

ELLEN H.—It is difficult to say whether the disease you mention would kill an old woman of eighty, but we should think it would weaken her so that she would have little chance of recovery. The performance of operations on people of this age is not, as a rule, advisable; but in cases of exceptionally strong constitutions it may be worth while to run the risk to save life.

F. H. C. G.—White silk is greatly yellowed by being washed in the ordinary way, the true color of white silk being of a very faint yellowish tinge. Woven silk is however very often slightly blued to "kill" this tinge, and, if the bluish-white shade is desired, it must be produced by the ordinary washer-woman's method—the addition of a little blue to the final rinsing-water.

TRIBUNE.—The administration of Washington began on April 30, 1789. He appointed Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Knox, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War; Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, Attorney General, and Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, Postmaster General. The Postmaster General was not a Cabinet officer, but a subordinate of the Government, until 1829. 2. Washington was not a college graduate. He was an Episcopalian. He died of pneumonia at Mount Vernon, Va., and is buried there.

FRANKLIN.—Our National Congress is rather expensive, but most people think it worth all it costs. There were 461 members of the last Congress, including the House and Senate, by whom are employed 400 persons to run errands and do other chores for them at an annual cost of $365 000. $250,000 is required to pay the salaries of the Senators and $1 095 000 for those of the members of the House, which run the total of our National Representatives to over $2 000 000 a year. The mileage of the members amounts to more than $120,000 per session, and the stationery for one session costs about $30,000. There are numerous other expenses, such as reporting debates, etc.

AMY AURORA.—August is as good a month as any other to get married in. The month of August was called Sextilis in the ancient Roman calendar, in which it had only twenty-eight days assigned to it. Romulus added two, and Augustus a third, which number it has since retained. The Emperor Augustus changed the name to his own, because in this month Cæsar Augustus took possession of the first consulate, reduced Egypt, and put an end to their civil war. The Anglo-Saxons called it either Barn-monath, alluding to this being the period when their barns were commonly filled, or Weed-monath, alluding to their fields being then clothed with corn, just as the Romans dedicated this month to Ceres, the goddess of harvest.

MARY.—There is no rule without an exception; and we strongly incline to believe yours is just such an exception to the one you mention. No doubt, as a general principle, it is best for the husband to be older than the wife—"let still the woman take an elder than herself," as Shakspeare puts it—but the answers to which you allude have been mostly given to young men who were ludicrously afraid of marrying girls ten years younger than themselves, and who required to be encouraged into taking such a simple and natural step as proposing to them. In your case you are both young; and we have very little doubt you will both be very happy together. It is unwise for a woman almost past her prime to marry a man so much younger than herself that she be liable to become old and unattractive while he has still the best and fullest years of his life before him.

INQUISITIVE.—The following will give some idea of the "postage-stamp language," or flirtation about which you imagine: The stamp in the usual place, that is, on the top right-hand corner of the envelope, means: when upright, "I desire your friendship;" across, "Do you love me?" upside down, "Don't write again;" crooked: "Write at once." When the stamp is at the bottom corner on the right hand, it means: if upright, "Your love makes me happy." When it is on the left top corner it means: if upright, "I love you;" across, "My heart is another's;" upside down, "Good day, my darling." When it is on the bottom left-hand corner it means: upright, "Fidelity will be rewarded;" across, "Do not leave me alone in my sorrow;" upside down, "You have withstood all trials." When the stamp is on the same line as the surname of the address, it means: if upright, "Accept my love;" across, "I long to see you;" upside down, "I am engaged."